

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 2, 1972 60 CENTS

**OKLAHOMA
CRUSHES OREGON**

**'Unlimited Talent'
Greg Pruitt**



Cadillac  presents the class of '73.



The class. The style. And the grace.
Clearly, these are the most magnificent cars
Cadillac has ever built. Not only for what you can
see—the bold new exteriors and the plush new
interiors—but as much for what you can't see.
You see here the sparkling new Sedan deVille, the
stunning new Eldorado Coupe and the superb new
Eldorado Convertible. You don't see the six other





new Cadillacs (more models than all the other U.S. luxury cars have combined).

You see here the sinking new styling outside—simpler, bolder, even more elegant for '73. You don't see the myriad innovations and refinements inside. To add new comfort and convenience. To make that great Cadillac ride even smoother. To make that great Cadillac's lasting value even more lasting.

And you don't see the new niceties you may add. Like a lighted vanity mirror for the lady. An outside thermometer. A lap robe and pillow. As well as a theft-deterrent system and steel-belted radial tires. In the Brougham, crushed velour interiors in beige, blue, maize or taupe. Clearly, you never had so many good reasons to visit your authorized Cadillac dealer. Cadillac Motor Car Division. The leadership shows.



"I've never performed on a better tire."

Stunt driver, Carey Loftin, put Shell's new Steel Belted Tires through every driving test he could dream up. Here's what he said about them.

*A report from
Carey Loftin.*

SHELL: Tires are very important to a stunt driver, aren't they?

LOFTIN: Yes they are. You have to depend on your tires, first; engine, the rest of the car, second.

SHELL: You just tested Shell's new Steel Belted Tires. In general, what do you think about them?

LOFTIN: Well, I felt very secure, very safe at all times, no matter what I did. I never had one fear of failure at all.

SHELL: At one point you drove over some wet pavement, what about the skid resistance?

LOFTIN: It seemed very good and very equal and very little sway whatsoever. I was really amazed that I could hold the car as straight as I did.

SHELL: You also did some quick stops from 80 miles an hour on this wet stretch of track. How did the tires react?

LOFTIN: They all seemed to

react the same. I thought I would be real busy correcting, trying to hold the car straight. But, with very little correction, I was able to stop practically in a straight line.

SHELL: What about on the slopes and the curves, did you notice much roll-over or squirming on the part of the tires?

LOFTIN: No, they didn't. They felt the same all the time. The tires, the steering geometry never seemed to change at all.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any relatives?

LOFTIN: Yes, I do.

SHELL: Would you recommend Shell's new Steel Belted Tires to her or him?

LOFTIN: To any of them I would. I have three sisters and a brother and I would recommend them to anyone. I think they are amply

safe for the even better than average driver, not even the average driver, above average. I would say that you are amply safe with the Shell tires.

SHELL: Carey, do you have any other comments you would like to add to this at all?

LOFTIN: Not specifically. I can only say in general, I've never performed on a better tire. It seemed to hold its shape and stand up. So, in general it is one of the best tires I've ever driven on.

**Ask an expert.
Shell
products
perform.**



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Next week

ALREADY EMBATTLED, hockey begins with a covey of non-sponsor richer players, an expanded NHL, a new WHA and legal turmoil over jumpers from the former to the latter.

BASEBALL HEARS the last of the ninth: William Leggett previews this playoff showdown between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, while Ron Funeo looks Oakland's Charlie O.

TALL TALES have been told for half a century about the skill and shoddiness of an old gambler named Titanic Thompson. Now the man himself recounts his sporting life.

“Sweet Strumming”



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1978 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY WASHINGTON, D. C.
20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report APR '72.



How good it is

with Winston's
finer flavor

Winston's real, rich, satisfying taste makes
any occasion a little more pleasurable.
Because Winston always tastes good,
like a cigarette should.





The Gentleman is back.

If gentlemen used to be stuffy, maybe it's just because their clothes wouldn't let them have fun.

(After all, kicking up your heels can put your creases in crisis, not to mention unseemly splits in your seams.)

But this time it's different. The gentleman is back. In Action.

In Action Fabrics from Burlington Worsted. The finest wool and wool worsted blends, with today's comfort and wrinkle-shedding

performance. Fabrics that are truly "Classics in Action"—that move when you move, and do what you do (Whatever you do.)

You'll find them in suits, sportcoats and slacks. With the Woolmark or Woolblend Mark labels—your assurance of proven and tested quality as certified by the Wool Bureau, Inc.

The Gentleman is back. Or at least

the wolf in sheep's clothing.

Activa. Flannit. II-Way. from
Burlington Worsted
 Where the Action is.



WOOL BLEND



PURE WOOL

AN ANNIVERSARY LETTER

If, in retrospect, a journalistic enterprise could have preordained its date of birth, we wouldn't have done it any other way. Time Incorporated officially became a business in November, 1922. In March, 1923, "Time, The Weekly News-Magazine" appeared on the newsstands, editorially designed "to serve the modern necessity of keeping people informed." So these next few months mark the 50th anniversary of the company. A fabulous half century, like no other in history. And today the charter of Time Inc.—to keep people informed—remains the same.

Time was the brainchild of Henry R. Luce and Briton Hadden, both under 25, burning with curiosity, enthusiasm and energy. Time was an invention—something completely new in journalism—and its success underwrote the development in later years of equally innovative magazines: *FORTUNE*, *LIFE* and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. This month Time Inc. is introducing still another magazine, *MONEY*. Its publication affirms our belief that the public's need and appetite for news and information has not diminished.

In the half century since its founding, Time Inc. has become a broadly based communications company. Visionaries though they were, neither Luce nor Hadden could have predicted in 1922 the course their company would take. The corporate imprint of Time-Life is now on books, films, newspapers, broadcasting, cable television, recordings, audio and video cassettes, fine-art reproductions, and educational material. Apart from all this "communicating," we are also operating successfully in the fields of paper and paper products, printing materials, and services, and marketing data.

So we are 50 years old, and we intend to celebrate. We are planning a series of events for the months ahead—some small and rather personal and sentimental—others on a bigger scale. In all, we hope to reach a lot of people to whom we owe thanks: not only our working colleagues within the company but also the legions of readers and believers who through the years have helped us grow.

Last Monday, in association with the National Trust for Historic Preservation, we had a premier showing of a portion of the BBC-Time-Life Films co-production *America: A Personal History of the United States* at historic Ford's Theater in Washington. The full series of 13 parts was written and narrated by the noted journalist-broadcaster, Alistair Cooke, and produced by Michael Gill. It will be sponsored by Xerox on the NBC Television Network starting Nov. 14.

Beginning in mid-October at New York's Carnegie Hall, Time Inc. will have the privilege of sponsoring the 1972 U.S. tour of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London. In the course of 35 concerts, this renowned orchestra will play to audiences from New York City to Provo, Utah, from Corvallis, Ore. to Washington. Prior to its visit to the U.S., the Royal Philharmonic will have presented four gala Time-Life Concerts at Festival Hall in London. Rudolf Kempe is the conductor, assisted by the young American, Lawrence Foster. The tour is under the management of impresario Karuzo Hillyer.

Henry Luce once wrote that journalists should "tell as many of the citizens as possible, as effectively as possible, what the *res publica* are and what the rational debate on those subjects is." It is in the spirit of those words that Time Inc.'s publications, utilizing their own unique resources, will this year undertake a study of the U.S. Congress, and ways of restoring that body to co-equal status with the executive branch. At the same time we will hold a series of dinner meetings in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles, at which Senators, Representatives, civic leaders, and scholars will be invited to offer their views. These meetings will lead up to a final dinner in Washington at which a full report will be made to the nation in general and Congress in particular just after Inauguration Day.

In March, Atheneum will publish *The World of Time-Life: The Intimate*

History of a Publishing Enterprise, 1941-1960. It is the second volume of the story of this company, written by Robert T. Elson, and it is our hope that it will be regarded as an indispensable account of a major force in American journalism.

Before 1972 is over, members of the New York staff will celebrate another, more personal, anniversary—the 50th at Time Inc. for Roy E. Larsen, vice chairman of the board, and for many years its president. He was Time's first circulation and promotion director, the first publisher of *LIFE*, and the creator of the famed documentary series of the 1930s and '40s, *The March of Time*. At 73, Roy Larsen is not only an active member of our board of directors, but continues to contribute to our daily operations with his wisdom and good humor.

Climaxing the golden anniversary observance will be a tribute to the man whose heritage we share. The Smithsonian Institution has elected to establish the Henry R. Luce Hall of News Reporting in the Museum of History and Technology in Washington. To be opened in April, 1973, the Hall will contain the first permanent record of the impact of media on the development of our country. Its displays will range from pre-Revolutionary pamphlets, newspapers and magazines to the most sophisticated of today's news-disseminating techniques, electronic as well as print. It will be a permanent treasure of information for journalists, scholars, students, and visitors to the nation's capital—and a tangible tribute to Luce's exceptional creativity and intellectual curiosity.


DUDLEY BROWN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF


ANDREW HEISKELL
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD



It is two million years ago. On an African savanna, a strange creature browses for food. He looks something like an ape and also like a man. He walks upright — yet his forehead is flat, his jaw thrusts forward. He doesn't know it — but he represents a giant step forward in evolution. For he is the "missing link" between ape and man...



**TIME
LIFE
BOOKS**

announces **THE EMERGENCE OF MAN**

Filled with startling discoveries, this important new series takes you on an expedition that traces man's origins, development and probable future... in the greatest adventure of all time.

**Begin with
Life Before Man**
yours to enjoy free for 10 days



Color-keyed charts like this make the evolutionary processes easy to understand.

Today, that creature who first ventured to raise himself above the other animals no longer exists; he has become you. Unique. Set apart from the 2 million other species living on the planet by a thumb that makes your hand a precision tool... by a knee that "locks" you in a comfortable upright position... and by your capacity for abstract thought and speech. All this, and more, has enabled your species to dominate the earth. And yet you share, with every other creature that ever lived, the same origins — the same accident that led to the spontaneous creation of the first single-celled algae 3.5 billion years ago.

How did it all happen? What was the evolutionary process that led to Man and his conquest of a harsh and hostile environment? You will find the amazing story in **TIME-LIFE BOOKS'** new series, **THE EMERGENCE OF MAN**.

In the introductory volume, *Life Before Man*, you'll experience the stranger-than-science-fiction excitement of the earth's beginnings. You'll feel a sense of immediacy and visual adventure in the incredibly life-like pictorial technique, photo-painting. In the more than 100 illustrations, and in the accuracy of its fact-filled text, you'll find fascinating new answers to age-old questions about the evolution of man.

The answers come from some of the world's most eminent authorities on anthropology, archeology, zoology and paleo-anthropology. Margaret Mead, F. Clark

Howell; Sherwood L. Washburn, Bernard Campbell and Bert Salwen. They have helped create the most authentic, up-to-date library of books on this subject available today. Once you've experienced the high adventure of *Life Before Man*, you'll eagerly anticipate the rest of the books in the series. In books such as *The Missing Link*, *The First Man*, *Cro-Magnon Man* and *The First Cities*, you'll witness the development of all the characteristics that make men human.

For an unforgettable trip into the origins of everything you are and know, take advantage of our introductory offer. Examine *Life Before Man* for 10 days. If it doesn't make you want to own it, send it back. If you do keep it, pay just \$5.95 (\$6.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, and we will then send you other volumes in the *Emergence of Man* series at the rate of one approximately every other month, on the same free examination terms. You may cancel this arrangement at any time. For your introductory volume, send the order form or write to: **Time-Life Books, Dept. 0410, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.**

Plus an absolutely Free Wall Chart & Map

Depicting milestones in the evolution of man. Suitable for home, office, or schoolroom. In color, 30 1/2 x 20 inches, it's yours to keep as a gift for accepting our 10-day trial offer.



Dramatic "photo-paintings" — based on recent scientific findings — show how the "missing link" (*Australopithecus*) looked about two million years ago. About 4½ feet tall and 80 pounds, he was not the "hairy ape-man" once supposed.



Do you know:

- why you get goose-pimples?
- why you have traces of webs between your fingers, the remnants of a second eyelid in the corner of your eye and a useless appendix?
- why the human fetus has gills?
- why some people are able to wiggle their ears?
- in what way Neanderthal Man was "helpless"?
- where and when wine-drinking began?
- what dinosaurs were really like and what enabled them to rule the earth for 135 million years?
- what the latest findings are on "the missing link"?
- if any creature except man use tools?
- whether or not there are still Neanderthals among us?

Among Other Volumes:

**The Missing Link • Cro-Magnon Man
The Neanderthals • The Monument Builders**

- Hardbound, with full-color cover
- 9 x 10 inches, 35,000 words
- 160 pages, over 40 in full-color
- Complete index and bibliography



Save your skin.



Gillette Techmatic.

It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

BOOKTALK

Carl Mays' biography describes how one errant pitch clouded an entire career

Carl Mays won 208 ball games in a 15-year big-league career, but he is remembered almost exclusively for a single pitch—the one that accidentally struck and killed Ray Chapman of the Cleveland Indians on Aug. 16, 1920. It remains the only on-the-field fatality in major league history, and it haunted Mays until his own death last year. His five 20-game seasons and a win-lost percentage of more than 60% have faded to dim the memory of the incident in the public mind. While several lesser contemporaries of Mays have been elected to the Hall of Fame, he has so far been shunned. "Nobody ever remembers anything about me except one thing," he once said. "That a pitch I threw caused a man to die."

In his pleasant, anecdotal biography of Mays, *Baseball's Great Tragedy* (Exposition Press, Jericho, N.Y., \$6), author Bob McGinnis has attempted a remedy. Through a kind of elongated interview, he provides a platform for Mays to tell his story in his own words and rehabilitate an image tarnished by several controversies during a stormy career. Despite his reputation, Mays comes across as a colorful, open and surprisingly articulate storyteller.

It was not always so. Mays' youth was as rocky as his career. He lost his father at the age of 10 and quit school after two years. This made him reluctant during his playing days to associate socially with his better-educated teammates and he soon earned a reputation as a loner. He was brutally honest, a fierce competitor and made enemies regularly on the field. He felt this accounted for the rejection he suffered over the Chapman pitch, and that if it had been, say, Walter Johnson (who hit more batters than anyone in baseball), the verdict would have been kinder.

The Chapman incident was, of course, an accident. Chapman was a notorious plate-crowder, and Mays intended to pitch him low and away. But as Mays wound up, Chapman lowered his bat for a bunt attempt, so Mays threw the ball high and tight. Chapman ducked right into the pitch, fracturing his skull. He was dead by the morning. Reaction to the tragedy was immediate and extreme. Ty Cobb sent Mays a note that read: "If it was within my power, I would have inscribed on Chapman's tombstone these words: Here lies the victim of arrogance, viciousness and greed."

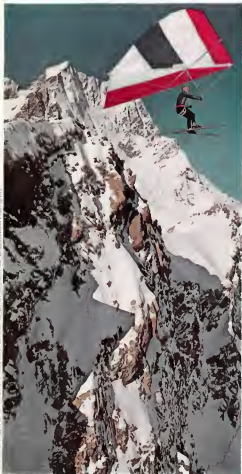
Mays finished out his career in Cincinnati, and after his retirement conducted baseball schools in the Pacific Northwest. Among the stars he helped develop was Johnny Pesky. When he died, however, his obituaries dwelt on a single fact: the high, inside fast-ball he fed Ray Chapman.

—ROBERT DUFFY

"Flying a kite off a windswept glacier in New Zealand is no game for kids."



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
H.M.B. WILSON & SONS (LIMITED)
TORONTO, CANADA



"With 18 feet of sail as my wings—I, a rather jittery Jeff Jobe from Seattle—was ready to conquer the sky. Altitude: 8000 feet on New Zealand's

Glacier Dome. Michele helped me into my kite harness. And soon I was racing toward the edge of the ice fall. I had descended 3000 feet in a perfect glide, when an icy blast rocked the kite. And suddenly, I was fighting for my life with a deadly downdraft.



"With some wild maneuvering and miraculous luck, I escaped into smooth air. As I circled, I grimly remembered the first rule of kiting: never fly higher than you'd like to fall.



"That evening, at The Hermitage Hotel, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners and the pleasing way it behaves in mixed company. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House"TM in 87 lands.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada



The cars: an all-new '73 Marquis vs. a factory-new '72 Marquis like the one that beat a Mercedes limousine last year.



The jury: 50 professional chauffeurs, men who earn their living in luxury cars, rated both Mercurys "for ride superiority."



The test: Both cars were compared, blindfolded, over a 3.6 mile course of curves, hills and bumps in Franklin Canyon, Calif.

1973 Mercury Marquis. The ride that beat the



The Marquis Brougham is shown with optional interior, white sidewall tires, cornering lights, and bumper rub strip.



The ride of the new '73 Mercury is improved by steel belted radial tires, now standard, and a newly refined suspension.



The results were close but a majority rated the new '73 Mercury Marquis' ride superior to the outstanding ride of our '72.



Supervision and certification by Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute. For details write Box 59-1, Grand Central Sta., NYC.

ride that beat the \$34,000 Mercedes limousine.



Built better to ride better

MERCURY

A Division of Ford Motor Company





Look what happened to the cigarette holder.

It works like a
cigarette holder
works.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—100's: 19 mg "tar," 1.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report 4/87

Are you a prospect for the Peace Corps? Answer these six questions and see.

1. Are you between the ages of 18 and 80?
2. Are you experienced in some occupation or trade, such as electrical engineering, farming, nursing or teaching math?
3. If you are a liberal arts major with no specialized job training, would you be willing to be trained by the Peace Corps for a specialized job based on your aptitudes?
4. Are you willing to acquire a working knowledge of a foreign language if given the proper training?
5. Are you single or, if married, would you be willing to have your family accompany you overseas for two years?
6. Do you have a genuine desire to work in partnership with people in other parts of the world, helping them improve their lives?

How to rate your answers.

If your answers to at least four of the six questions are "Yes," you are a prospect for the Peace Corps.

The Peace Corps today is open to every American of ability who wants to share that ability with people who need it. Among the thousands of Peace Corps Volunteers now

serving in 60 countries are girls of 22 and grandmothers of 55; recent college graduates and self-taught master mechanics; single people and people with families, blacks and whites.

Like to know more? Write to: Peace Corps, Washington, D. C. 20525.

The Peace Corps

You can be proud of it. You can be part of it.

Sears announces Cartridge Television for home or business.

1. Now you can view hundreds of pre-recorded programs and feature films in full color, anytime you want.

2. Now you can create your own TV "shows" with your own TV camera—for fun or business.

3. Now you can record important TV programs you would like to see, such as a moon landing, even if you're not home or asleep*—then play them back later.

4. Complete system includes superb color TV console, plus a player-recorder for videotape cartridges. A black-and-white TV camera is optional.

Long awaited, often delayed, cartridge television's move out of the laboratory and into the living room is a reality at last.

Sears Cartridge TV is now available at the larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores.

You must come in for a demonstration.

Cartridge TV goes as far beyond conventional color TV as a complete hi-fi system, with tape deck and record player, goes beyond radio alone.

Simple to operate.

Sears Cartridge TV is an electronic system that lets you play prerecorded images on a normal TV screen.

The prerecorded material can be information of all kinds or packaged entertainment, including some of the best pictures Hollywood ever produced. (See list next page.)

It comes in cartridges which play from about 15 minutes up to 112—nearly two full hours, with no interruptions. You can buy or rent them. Most are in full color.

The cartridges are simple to use. They're like audio cassettes. Simply snap them into place. That's it. You're ready! There's no threading or tearing of tape to worry about.

You can also buy blank tape to use with your own special TV camera to shoot your own TV "shows," the same way you now make home movies. But instead of having to wait days or weeks for development, you can see the playback *in seconds* on your own TV screen.

These blank cartridges can also be used to record important TV programs you would like to see, such as a moon landing—even if you're not home or asleep.* You can play each cartridge up to 100 times.

Or you can erase the tape to use again to record other programs.

Invaluable for businesses.

Sears Cartridge TV has many uses for business, particularly in salesmen training.





Cartridges are simple to use...they snap in place.



Carries-out at 11:30.



party on TV at 10.



Set RECORD timer, go out...later, see playback.



By putting salesmen on tape, and showing them the playback on TV, they can then see themselves as others will see them.

They might discover quite a few ways they could improve their "pitch." By shortening it. Organizing it better. Or just by putting some plain "life" into it.

Sears Cartridge TV is also an up-to-date way to present training programs. You can put the entire program on tape. It then has a lasting quality. Should someone miss a point, he can simply play the tape back again. Again and again, as many times as he wishes. Even weeks or months later to help refresh his memory.



Black-and-white TV camera weighs 2½ pounds, comes with 13 feet of cord (cables length, optional.)

picture) plus videotape player-and-recorder. Black-and-white TV camera is optional. You can buy it with the system now. Or, if you prefer, at a later date.

You can buy the complete system, or any of the components, on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

What about service?

Sears Cartridge TV is well past the shake-down stage. Sears knows that it works. Sears Merchandise Development and Testing Laboratories have been analyzing it for over a year.

Sears Cartridge TV can live up to Sears reputation for selling good products that you can depend on.

Use Sears Easy Payment Plan.

The complete Sears Cartridge system includes a superb color TV console (25" diagonal measure

Partial list of movies and programs for Sears Cartridge Television:

Enough Sears Cartridge TV entertainment is already available to run nonstop, 24 hours a day, for a month and a half.

Sears list is continuing to grow. A partial list of what's been lined up as this advertisement goes to press:

Movies

General knowledge
The Andy and Terry
Dr. Strangelove
I, a Bitch
The Bridge on the River Kwai
The Cars Men
The 400 Blows
High Noon
B.H. Huppin's One Night
Can't Buy Love
Brother Italian Style
Gypsy (Rush)
24 Hours
Hart's
Merry Carl
Sweet Home in the Desert

Sports

Super Bowl VI
Football: Dallas
The World and Wonderful
World of Auto Racing
Lester's Interviewing

Sports Instruction

Backpack with Bill Brubaker
Golf with Gene Latta
Fencing with David Scott Gault

Home Arts & Crafts

Painting by the Tins and Nuts
Sewing project with Mrs. William
Sears & Sons Printing

Self-Improvement

Personal Self** Book to Make a
Successful Career

Travel

Road with Scotland
Italy
France

Music & Theatre

Musical
Charles, Queen Song
Dinner with... American Music
Marty Robbins

Religion

Heaven and the Bible
The 30 Years Experience

Education

The History and
Development of Life
The Catalog of Man

**An original cartridge program

SEARS GUARANTEE

If, within 90 days, any part or tube should fail due to defects in materials or workmanship, Sears will replace it free. No charge for service, part or tube.

After 90 days, and for up to one year, Sears will replace free any part or tube that fails due to defects in materials or workmanship. However, you pay for installation.

If the picture tube fails due to defects in materials or workmanship at any time for up to two years, Sears will replace it free. You pay for installation.

Moreover, Sears services what it sells — and services it no matter where you move in the U.S.A. A point worth considering with so major a purchase as cartridge TV.

What does it all add up to?

Sears Cartridge TV turns your home into an entertainment center and your TV set into your own private TV station where you alone choose what you want to see, when you want to see it. With no interruptions other than those you want to make.

"Cartridge television," says *Fortune*, "would seem to coincide with the growing demand of people to do their own thing."

Come in and see how Sears will help you "do your own thing."

Sears

*Recording of programs for private, non-commercial use only.

"With Continental Bank's advice we now do in a month what we used to do in a year."

"By 1965 we had a pretty good share of the advertising badge and button business. The opportunity to dominate this business was there, but the cash to expand our operation wasn't. After I outlined my thoughts for growth, I decided to talk to Continental Bank. They were as enthusiastic as I was. They said move. And we did."

"Bob Swanson of Continental Bank's Commercial Banking Department and I evaluated dozens of sites. Finally, we decided on a building that housed a now forgotten brewery. With Bob's help we closed the deal and immediately began production in our new location. Adcraft Manufacturing Company now had plenty of room to grow in. And we did."

"For example, we had been going to outside suppliers for work we couldn't do, such as die-cutting and embossing. Bob showed us how we could grow and

become more profitable by acquiring companies that specialized in this phase of our operation. He brought us together with the right kinds of companies. Here again it was Continental Bank's thinking and advice that contributed to our growth."

"Recently, we received a fantastic order for buttons from a new customer. I realized that to meet their delivery date we'd have to start production almost four months before we'd receive the first payment."

I didn't want to miss this opportunity so I did what I always do. I called Bob Swanson at the bank. Before the week was over, he had arranged an exchange of domestic letters of credit between our companies. And we started receiving

payments from day one.

"Sometimes I think I depend on the bank too much. But then if I didn't, I would have missed a number of opportunities and we would never have gotten to be the largest button and badge manufacturer in the country." Speaking, *Frank Stitzberger, President, Adcraft Manufacturing Company.*

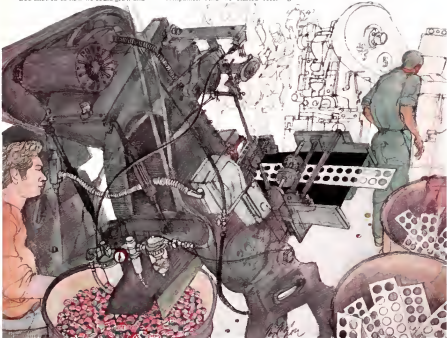
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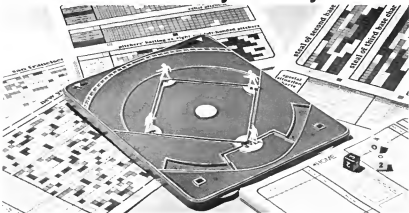
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SIN SIN

Canada may be embarrassed by its stunning losses in hockey to the Soviet Union, but defeat in itself is merely shocking. What is shameful is the defection of four Team Canada players, who stamped their feet like children and said they would take their skates and go home because they were not playing enough. Coach Harry Sinden had to pick and choose the right complement for each game; the players he overlooked for one reason or another had at least a moral obligation to remain with the squad. In quitting and going home, Vic Hadfield, Rick Martin, Jocelyn Guevremont and Gil Perreault disgraced Canadian hockey, and perhaps they personified the reasons for Canada's astonishing failure. Consider the statement by Perreault, who said he was returning to North America because he was not in shape and wanted to be by the beginning of the National Hockey League season. If he was not in shape, he should not have been on Team Canada in the first place. And neither should have Hadfield, Martin, Guevremont or any others who were not eager and ready to do their best.

DETERIORATING NEIGHBORHOOD

Small, possibly unfair note on the decline of Big Ten football fortunes; the longest current winning streak among Big Ten teams is two.

RETURN OF THE BARON

Adolph Rupp, who at 71 was obliged to retire last year as head basketball coach at the University of Kentucky, quickly moved into the professional ranks as president, no less, of Charles O. Finley's Memphis Tams in the ABA. It seemed heretical for Rupp, a longtime bastion of the college game, to join the pros, but the old Baron says this isn't so at all. In fact, he says his greatest contribution to professional basketball so far has been a move to protect the colleges from pro raiding. At the ABA's first meeting this year, he says,

he and Finley helped persuade the league to adopt a resolution declaring it would not draft college underclassmen.

"Finley and I went into the meeting," Rupp says, "and insisted to the other owners that there be no more raiding. At first they all disagreed, but by the time we left the vote was unanimous."

"I know some people have questioned my joining the pros after all my years of blasting their tactics, but I justify it by what I can get done to help the colleges."

And, of course, the nonraiding rule would do a lot to stabilize the professional game, too.

JULIUS ALL OVER

Stabilization is something professional basketball has a remarkably short supply of. The latest example is the flitting about of Julius Erving, who was signed by an agent after his junior year at the University of Massachusetts. The agent offered Erving to the New York Nets, who said no, and to the Virginia Squires, who said yes. After he completed his rookie year in the ABA last spring, Erving jumped to the Atlanta Hawks of the NBA. Meantime, because his class had graduated, he was subject to the NBA draft and was tapped by the Milwaukee Bucks, and the NBA board of governors subsequently ruled that he belonged to Milwaukee rather than Atlanta. Neither Erving nor Atlanta agreed.

Last weekend the comedy of confusion reached all sorts of highs. Virginia played an exhibition game in Springfield, Mass., not far from the University of Massachusetts, which it had originally scheduled with the idea of showing Julius off to the home crowd. But Julius was in Frankfort, Ky., defying the NBA ruling by playing with Atlanta against the Kentucky Colonels. It is possible, if unlikely, that various legal actions could result in Erving playing exhibition games against the Colonels in three different uniforms (Atlanta, Virginia, Milwaukee) before the regular season begins. Since

in his Atlanta guise Julius played 42 minutes, had 28 points and 18 rebounds, the very idea is enough to give the Colonels nightmares.

BALD FACTS

Freshmen football players at the University of Houston sport shaved heads. The custom is part of football tradition at Houston, but to a nonfootball-playing psychology student named Rick Brass it is an imposed indignity and therefore appalling.

"It's demeaning to the campus in general," he said. "Anyone who cares about people would be insulted by this type of activity." He told university administrators it constituted hazing, which is prohibited by Texas state law. The law says further that a member of the faculty or administration who knowingly permits hazing and refuses to report it can be suspended for three years, fined up to \$500 and sent to jail for 30 days.



Brass said it was necessary for a shaven freshman to complain before legal action could be taken and conceded that because of the close ties among football players it was unlikely such a complaint would be forthcoming. "Stopping the shaving is going to have to come from outside football," he said. "Nobody wants to take away the prestige that goes with being a football player. All I

continued

want to do is have them stop violating somebody's rights, which is what shaving heads is."

Faced with the situation, head Football Coach Bill Yeoman said, wearily, "Five or six years ago the freshmen themselves decided to shave their heads. It's been done ever since." Asked if the freshmen did it to themselves, Yeoman said, "I'm not interested."

SECOND CITY'S SECOND PLAYER

Much attention has been paid this season to that baseball player in Chicago whose batting average is .309, who has hit 37 home runs and who has driven in 112 runs, a performance that has contributed handsomely to his team's strong second-place standing. Curiously, even sadly, almost no attention has been paid to that other player in the nation's Second City whose average is .335, who has hit 34 home runs and who has driven in 114 runs, a performance that has contributed handsomely to his team's strong second-place standing. While Dick Allen of the White Sox has been in the spotlight all year and seems a good bet for the American League's Most Valuable Player Award, the obscure Billy Williams of the Cubs has been going along having what for him is almost a routine superb season. Two years ago he finished with 42 home runs, 129 runs batted in, a .322 batting average and no glory. Most of that, including the Most Valuable Player Award, went to Johnny Bench, whose Cincinnati Reds won the pennant. Bench may win the MVP again this season, or perhaps Willie Stargell of the Pittsburgh Pirates will, although neither is having as good a year as Williams. But MVP awards generally go with pennants or publicity, and Williams has had neither. It appears then that he will have to be satisfied with knowing that year in and year out he is just about the best hitter in baseball.

FULLY QUIPPED

When Bobby Fischer returned to New York last week from Iceland after becoming heavyweight chess champion, politicians rushed to welcome him with wit that flowed like molasses. Bobby Fischer Day scarcely approached the historic greetings accorded Charles Lindbergh or Amelia Earhart, but several hundred natives, including Mayor Lindsay, gathered to pun. A banner over

the City Hall portico had a drawing of a chess piece and the legend "Welcome Bobby Fischer, World's Chess Champion." Since New York City always lives beyond its means, the reverse side of the secondhand banner read, "Welcome Apollo 16."

The mayor opened the day by telling a smiling Fischer, "It is not within my power to make you a bishop, a knight or a king." He called the champ well-nigh unique, and "an authentic Brooklyn genius." As Fischer was born in Chicago, though raised in Brooklyn, Mayor Daley seems entitled to equal time. Sebastian Leone, borough president of Brooklyn, rose to remark that Brooklynites came to the ceremony secure in the knowledge that "for the first time in our lives we were not going to get rooked when we got to Manhattan." Getting into the thickness of the occasion, Fischer replied, "I would like to deny a vicious rumor going around. It is not true that Henry Kissinger phoned me early to tell me the moves."

Next day in *The New York Times* a caption under a photograph of Fischer and Lindsay read "Good Move." Not to be daunted, *The Daily News* had captions that said, "They All Came Out to Check the King," and "A thousand or so of Fischer's fans are but pawns in his hands at City Hall ceremonies yesterday."

The mayor, the borough president, Fischer and the papers were lucky to get a draw, but it was clear that New York deserved to be the intellectual capital of the world.

HULA BLOOP

Everyone had high hopes for the first World Baseball Classic (SCORECARD, Sept. 4), an ambitious attempt to determine by round-robin tournament the best minor league baseball team in the world. Played over 10 days in Honolulu, it was also supposed to be a kind of trial balloon for Hawaii's future as a major league city and the key link in an eventual worldwide baseball circuit that would include Tokyo. "I will forecast," said Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, "that this is the start of baseball's future."

Alas, The World Baseball Classic was a world classic flop. The 10 nights of competition had a total attendance of 10,923. The championship game between the Albuquerque Dukes of the Pacific Coast League and a team of Venezuelan All-Stars drew 922 people. Most Little

League games do better than that.

The players were supposed to split 30% of the gate receipts. If the promoters had stuck to that idea, each member of the winning team would have received \$9.72 as his winner's share. Kodak, which sponsored the tournament, hurriedly set up a \$32,000 pot, which let the players take home shares ranging up to a maximum of \$350.

O.K., Bowie, back to the drawing board. The future is still ahead.

THE HAIRSTON RACKETS

The Houston Rockets of the NBA had phoned ahead for reservations at an El Paso hotel and were naturally pleased, when they arrived in that city, to find their reservations were in order. Except for a certain variation in the spelling of their names. Coach Tex Winter found his name listed as Tex Weimer. Jimmy Walker had become Jimmy Rucker. Jack Marin was Jack Moran. Cliff Vandervoort. Dick Vanderbilt. Cliff Meely Cliff Neely and Mike Neulin Mike Neiland. John Egan was respelled Egen, and Roy Patterson had become Ray. Rudy Tomjanovich had changed only slightly, to Rudy Tomjanovic, but John Vallely had metamorphosed into John Bulley. Only Don and Greg Smith had no problem.

"When I called in," said Vandervoort, who functions as trainer and traveling secretary, "the guy told me to hold it, he'd get his secretary to take down the names because she knew shorthand. I started again and she never once asked me to spell a name. She didn't even flinch when I said Tomjanovich. I thought, 'Man, this girl must be sharp.'"

THEY SAID IT

- Grant Taff, new head coach at Baylor, which last won a Southwest Conference football championship in 1924: "Patience is our biggest problem."
- Bill Fulcher, Georgia Tech football coach: "Things are so specialized now. Even the kicking game. We have a short-range field-goal kicker, an intermediate-range field-goal kicker and a long-range field-goal kicker. We're going to start working on a left hash-mark kicker and a right hash-mark kicker."
- Judge James F. Gordon, U.S. District Court jurist, at a dinner in Louisville for Supreme Court Justice William H. Rehnquist: "Welcome to the land of fine bourbon, beautiful women, fast horses and Butazolidin."

END

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OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE

The Sooners and their Wishbone offense were thunderous last year, but Utah State (49-0) and now Oregon (68-3) will testify that this year's herd, led by Greg Pruitt, may run away with the national title **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Here now is the question: With all due that it is credited with having done to quicken the pulse and bloat the scoreboards of college football, can the Wishbone turn a soft-spoken untortured 6'3" English-Irish-Bohemian white coach named Fairbanks into the new Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma? And, at the same time, can it make a 5' 9" saucy black chatterbox named Pruitt into a Heisman Trophy winner? In this installment the answers are not provided, for the season is yet young, but the progress of the principals is brought up to date, which is to say they are still, and surely, headed in those directions. Fast.

You remember the Wishbone, of course, that dazzling formation believed to be so offensive no one can stop it, not even Jane Fonda. The Texas-born triple-option attack which, in Oklahoma's hands, broke all yardage records last fall when the Sooners averaged 566.5 yards a game. Last week the land rush was still on and the total was 731 yards in a 68-3 sacrifice of poor Oregon. For

the sake of humanity, Coach Chuck Fairbanks used 67 players to hold down the score. He ain't got nothing against them Webfeet.

And you certainly must remember Gregory D. Pruitt (*see cover*), that lyric little running man, who sud on national TV this summer that his careening style of hauling the ball was "like a balloon let loose, with the air going out. Whoosh, whoosh." Pruitt says his moves sometimes come to him in dreams. The balloon analogy came to him in a column he read in an Atlanta newspaper. "That's it," he said when he read it, and he figured he knew about such things, being a public-relations major at the university. Gregory D.—the D is for dangerous, he says, but his hairdresser mother says it was Donald first—has more or less taken up where he left off last year, which was somewhere deep in the opposition's secondary doing wonderful things that might have won him the Heisman then and there, as he is not at all loath to point out. Greg is still at it, crab-

walking his way through broken fields and wine-talking his way into the hearts of his teammates and Oklahomans everywhere, adding yardage to his massive totals and punch lines to his repertoire. He now drives a low-slung burnt-orange sports car with SUPER STORT painted in large letters on the back. SUPER STORT glows in the dark. He has scribbled SPOTLIGHT on the back of his practice helmet, a nickname he picked up in high school "because I was in it so much." The other day he was seen walking the Norman campus in a University of Texas sweat shirt with the orange letters "UT" on the front. "Uncle Tom," someone chided. "No," said Greg, "Unlimited Talent." He broke out laughing, exposing his distinctive gold front tooth.

For all his rising popularity, Pruitt is still sensitive about his squatty body. The new men's high-heel shoe styles have been a welcome asset, and his are plenty high, but the other night he had a date with a girl who not only wore high heels but also had a high Afro and he



had to tell her that the one had to come down or the other off, or both. A pro scout had come around measuring prospects and paid more attention to Greg's height than Greg thought necessary. "Hey, man, at Oklahoma we don't measure the holes that way," said Unlimited Talent, gesturing vertically, "we measure 'em this way," spreading his arms out.

"My whole rap has been to tell people how good I am," says Pruitt, "which is what a little guy like me has to do to get attention; say fantastic things and then try to live up to 'em, which I usually can do"—big, glittering grin. "Well, if the Heisman is the thing that means you're best, then winning it would be the ultimate proof, right? I'd probably never stop talking." Grin. Glitter.

As Pruitt himself freely acknowledges, he would owe it all, or a goodly portion of it, to the Wishbone, and therefore to the genius of his coach. And his coach's insomnia, which is how they all—coach, Wishbone, Unlimited Talent—came abruptly together in a kind of celestial collision almost two years ago to the day when Chuck Fairbanks arose from a fitful sleep and put in a phone call to his old Michigan State coach, Biggie Munn.

continued

The red army, exhorted by Coach Fairbanks, marches against Oregon. Robertson passes as Pruitt blocks, and Pruitt gets air of team's QB.





A hapless Oregon runner is swarmed over by half the members of the Oklahoma defense which, though far less publicized than the offense,

OKLAHOMA *continued*

At the time Fairbanks' Oklahoma teams had been suffering a short run of 6-4-type seasons that the superspoiled—because of Wilkinson's outrageous success in the '50s—Oklahoma fans found indigestible. "Chuck Chuck" was an expression heard in bars and seen on bumpers in those days. Fairbanks, no dreamer, had awakened to the knowledge that he was on his way to providing them still another bitter pill. Or worse, a knockout drop for himself. The first thing he did when the call went through was to apologize to Mrs. Munn for waking her up at three a.m., and then he outlined his dilemma to Biggie. He said he had a brilliant athlete at quarterback named Jack Mildren and Mildren (now playing defense for the Baltimore Colts) could run much better than he could pass. And he had a great wide receiver (Pruitt) who was something else in an open field if you could get him the ball, which was not too bright a prospect unless Fairbanks hired a U-Haul. And,

finally, he knew of a dandy running offense called the Washbone that he was thinking of stealing from Darrell Royal down in Texas, feeling no compunctions about that because Royal had whipped him two in a row with it. He paraded a picture of Mildren running, and Pruitt running, and Joe Wylie running—with Washbone option pitchouts and Washbone counters and enemy casualties everywhere. The catch was, he told Biggie, "It means risking an image of failure, changing my whole offense right in the middle of the season."

Biggie said he would call back at nine a.m. He wanted to sleep on it.

"At nine sharp, he rang my office," Fairbanks recalls. "He didn't tell me to do anything. He just asked me if I could convince my staff, and if we could convince the team. I said yes to both."

So Oklahoma went to the Washbone, and that very Saturday Texas walloped the Sooners 41-9. But the game films showed the offense had so much po-

tential that Fairbanks told his team, "If anybody else is going to beat us, they better do it quick." Oklahoma's ascent thereafter can be found inscribed in increasingly large numbers in the hives of the opposition. By the end of the 1970 season the Sooners were moving fast. In 1971 there was only one team in the country capable of keeping up, Big Eight rival Nebraska. That was proved in Nebraska's 35-31 victory in their showdown game on Thanksgiving. "You can't stop the Washbone," says Greg Pruitt, "you can only outscore it, which is what happened to us. We could cry two hours over it, but it wouldn't change anything. Accept the loss, save the tears. It won't happen again."

Now, in 1972, mighty Nebraska has fallen, upset early by UCLA, and it is only reasonable that you have heard those legions of stick-with-'em-through-thick-or-thin Sooner fans once again claiming their heritage—No. 1—the way old Bud taught 'em. Certainly they will



has not permitted opponents a touchdown.

get no argument from the battered teams of Oregon or Utah State. The Oklahoma-Fairbanks Wishbone puns along, even without Mildren Oave Robertson, his successor, does not run as well, but he passes better, and there is a black freshman quarterback, Kerry Jackson, redeemed by Fairbanks from Galveston, who can run and pass. Pruitt and Wylie may well be the flashiest pair of running backs in the country; All-America Center Tom Brahmey is better than ever; Middle Guard Lucious Selmon, who got his training wrestling hogs and his 250-pound little brother LeRoy on the farm in Enfield, can bench-press two opponents at a time and is the spiritual leader of a voracious Oklahoma defense and—but what is the use of going through the whole roster?

It is inevitable that Fairbanks be compared with Wilkinson. In his first year as head coach (1967), when without ceremony he was tapped to fill the breach

upon the sudden death of Jim Mackenzie, the long gray shadow of Wilkinson loomed over all. Though Fairbanks showed splendid early foot that first season—nine victories plus the Orange Bowl—Chuck chafed under the shadow. Now it is not quite so long. The Wilkinson era has softened in memory to become exactly that, an era, a thing of the past, and Fairbanks can speak genuinely of the importance of a winner's legacy (called tradition in recruiting lexicon). The fact is that aside from their both being big, handsome, mannerly men, each in his way a master of the soft sell, each in his way a skilled raider of the Texas marketplace, the two are not really very much alike.

Wilkinson, the football coach, was a magnetic personality, the fastest, winningest smile east of Tyrone Power. He stood out on the sidelines, dressed smartly in a gray suit and a cowboy hat, and seemed always in evidence, consulting excitedly with assistant coaches, exhorting and cajoling players, peering over the shoulders of referees on crucial yardage measurements. Wilkinson was Oklahoma football.

Fairbanks, on the other hand, blends in. Though his subordinates say he is unquestionably the boss, it is more his style to promote an image of oneness and sameness (his dress on game day is the same as his assistants: white golf shirt, red double-knit pants, rib-soled football coach's shoes). He is an immensely likable man, but if you are sitting in his office listening to him you may notice you have been on the edge of your seat because the footsteps outside are drowning out his words.

There is nothing of the political animal in him. When an aide of Teddy Kennedy's called last week to ask if it would be all right for Kennedy to visit the locker room after the Oregon game, Fairbanks said it would be fine. There were no election overtures intended or made. Kennedy did not come.

What Fairbanks is, says one intimate, "is a good-old-boy type of coach. He accents the positive. He tells players what they like to hear. But you better not cross him." Fairbanks does not have any special hair or dress code. He actually told one player to let his crew cut grow out because it looked better long. But he does have a curfew and finds ways to enforce it.

"He had one kid washing food trays for a month," says an associate. "a star player, too. Everybody thought the boy would quit, but he didn't. He recruits hard but he recruits good kids. That's the kind of solidarity he promotes around here. He believes in esprit de corps, and he gets it. He was concerned because John Kerth [the publicist] had taken some names out of the program the other day. He dresses so many players they have to issue duplicate numbers and the names were running off the bottom of the program. Kerth had to get the printer to change the type size."

Somehow, finally, it is the irrepressible Pruitt, so far removed in character from his coach, so appealingly different, who puts into place this marvelous team's construction. For, you see, it is compatibility that Fairbanks has achieved, not conformity, and what else can you say about Pruitt after you have said he is compatible? Sure, he talks a lot. He talks about making 2,000 yards, and being a unanimous All-America, and winning the Heisman Trophy. He talks about the pros and making enough money to retire his mother from the beauty salon. But he also blocks—as hard or harder than he runs, and before he talks of himself he talks of winning, and to a man the Oklahoma players love little old Unlimited Talent. They elected him captain, didn't they? The next time he runs a Wishbone sweep, watch how they block for him. **END**



Only Pruitt's dog can stop him far no gain.



JUST CALL HIM SHUBERT ALI

Bobbing out of reach or reaching out for Frazier, it was Broadway show biz for Muhammad **by MARK KRAM**

He was a strange one all right, The Deaf Uh, better known as Deaf Burke, a man whose face was as mean as freshly torn skin. As for his hearing, it was widely thought that he could hear a guinea drop to the ground amid any sort of din; Deaf Burke was only deaf to advice. The champion of England, he would smoke big Havana cigars in the ring, make funny faces at opponents and comport himself in a manner uncommon to a gentleman—which he was not. Near the end of his career he came to America and went on stage, exhibiting a dozen classical poses (each with the appropriate change of figure, attitude and expression) that concluded with the agonized posturing of the celebrated *Dying Gaul*.

Thoughts of old Burke were hard to escape last week in Madison Square Garden as Muhammad Ali brought his one-act play of infinite variations to center-front and Floyd Patterson once more flew into the teeth of geriatric evidence. The result: a crowd of 17,378—many of whom were stars from stage, screen, television and Wall Street—paid \$512.361 to see Floyd (with only slight changes of figure, attitude and expression) die humbly and profitably for still another time, and Ali, minus a cigar but with his footman Bundini Brown as a prop, use sly promotion and his own rendition of comic outsize to lay claim to serious consideration as a Broadway impresario of lofty rank.

Other than that, Ali did what even the most sentimental of Floyd's mob thought he would do in an aging soldier who began his run from obscurity 20 dim years ago. Under the sorcerer Cus D'Amato, Patterson moved across many of those years like a man walking in and out of shadows while extracting a myr-

iad of reactions from those who pondered him: sympathy, disgust, boredom, heavy analysis and, at 37, almost irrevocable veneration. Twice he won the heavyweight title, often he slipped out of public focus and now, after last week, he emerges as the most crafty and richest "professional opponent" in the history of the ring.

A shoebox with legs, The Loser in perfect detail, a fellow who carried introspection to exquisite ploy, all of this has been said of Patterson and much more, but once again he was smack in the middle of the money and satisfying the odd public interest in viewing the death rattle of his career. It was an old routine for Patterson, this business: Ali humiliating him in Las Vegas; elimination from the WBA tournament; his gallant bid for Jimmy Ellis' title on a raw-cold, funeral night in Stockholm, the outcome of which drove him into hermitage to contemplate his muse. Few ever thought he would surface again.

So there they were: in one corner, in all of his monkish splendor, Patterson, proving once more the pull of his vulnerability and Arabian obsession at the box office; in the other corner, Ali, the consummate gate-builder who had produced his show as deftly as a David Merrick. He had allowed no prefight rancor or nasty exhibitionism to stain the significance of this contest. Patterson, he said, had always been his idol. Then he opened up his new training camp to him, and he complained that no one appreciated what Floyd had done for boxing. If the press did not see him as the Nemean Lion, that was their problem.

Ali began the evening with some theatrics that threatened the nobility of Patterson's presence, if not entirely the solemnity of Floyd's latest march to oblivion. Introduced as the only man to defeat Muhammad Ali, Joe Frazier entered the ring, thus providing the foil for Mack Sennett chaos in Ali's corner. Gesturing, making faces and using his spear carrier Bundini to the hilt, Ali tried to go after Frazier. "Bundini, stop holdin' me back, let me at him!" he cried. It was not a sight for pursists, or those merciless keepers of ring etiquette.

Nor did the bout itself offer up anything worthy of historical note. But for the immediate moment it did produce certain strong views. The most popular



Clowning it up, Ali struggles with his spear carrier Bundini to get at arch-foe Frazier.

opinion—and easiest—says that Ali was much like a drama coach with Patterson, easing another subject, as he has done so often in the past, through an act; it says that Ali simply can do whatever he wants to do in a ring and always achieve his end. The other view holds that Ali came prepared for a limited exercise, and then found himself suddenly in a "test," that he felt an itch of anxiety, a tiny dread of embarrassment.

If it matters at all, the latter position might relate closer to the pattern of the fight, especially if one believes that Ali no longer can do whatever he wants to, that he cannot reach back and always find his gifts ready for display. Of course, he alone knows what he can or cannot do, and for a man who fights as often as he does (five times in the last six months), the conservation of his resources is a vital factor to be studied carefully. "I'm no animal," he says, "I'm not a machine." The indication is that he prepared for Patterson lightly. For all of his curves to the press, reports are that he was certain of the form he had on Floyd, decrepitude, no imagination and a long history of being knocked down.

As it was, Ali found it rather sprightly old gaffer in with him, one who was in fine condition. The fight unwound from a knot of slow motion, but certain things seemed evident: Patterson was a more intelligent fighter than he had been in the past, and his coordination did not seem impaired. Floyd won the third, fourth and fifth rounds, somewhat because of Ali's frivolity, but mostly because he was reaching Ali with combinations. It was clear that Patterson was his old awkward self, which in his case is an asset, and he was not going to be that easy to tag. Ali could not ignore that Patterson was making him miss, nor could he not heed a possible niggling portent of what a combination puncher like Patterson can swiftly do; he had taken a few sharp right hands through the fifth, the best some thought since he fought Frazer.

Smartly, Ali opened up the sixth round with deadly intent: steady pursuit, blurs of uppercuts and slashing rights, one of which began a cut on Patterson's left eyelid. It was not enough as Patterson held

on, and even responded with some verve himself. Ali had hurt Floyd in this round, and now it was imperative that he get him out as quickly as possible, for he did not want a messy kill, nor did he want to gamble with a hurt Patterson, who can be dangerous in his resolve to devise his own fate. Again in the seventh, with Patterson's eye closing rapidly, Ali continued the assault, directing most of his fire at the eye, which by this time looked like the slit on a coin bank. But Ali could not finish him. The bell for the eighth, and Patterson did not come out. Justifiably, the doctor advised the referee to stop the fight, and Ali rushed to the ring mike to proclaim the virtues of Floyd Patterson.

Ali continued his praise after the fight, and there was Floyd once more saying

that he was ashamed as he looked up through an angry eye at Ali taking his ease; a sketch of pathos, some griefed, but while looking at him one could only think how lucky Floyd has been among all those who once shared the light of public favor with him. The names: Hurricane Jackson, last seen shining shoes in the old Garden; the tormented Eddie Machen, dead from a fall out of a second-floor window; Zora Folley, dead from a slap in a swimming pool, Sonny Liston, done in by the unseen demons that he always feared. And Floyd? Well, one is certain of only this: he is wealthy, he knows how to sit alone in an empty room, and he will fight again . . . and again . . . and again . . . as long as there is a steady market for his peculiar persona.

END

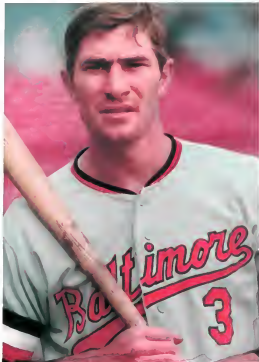


Frustrated again, the off-battered trapezoid Patterson nips down another big pay night.

TENDER BIRD IN A HOT SKILLET

The smell of singeing feathers was everywhere as the once-mighty Orioles fought disaster with their steadiest hitter, young Bobby Grich

by RON REID



When Bobby's bat flattered as old Baltimore, but then came a game-winning hit—and hope.

Undoubtedly it was mere coincidence, but the weather seemed perversely tailored to the mood and situation of the Baltimore Orioles last week—entirely in keeping with that old, unwritten law that says dynasties topple only when the sun is buried in a bank of black rain clouds and a damp chill penetrates to the bone marrow. After all, when the old order is changing and hungry usurpers plan to kick you out into the cold, who needs Coppertone?

In a road trip that grew progressively more drear and cold with each new tragedy, the Orioles cheerlessly suffered rain, a demeaning doubleheader defeat by Boston, two firefoul days off, more rain and yet another loss. Ah, but then the sun came out Sunday in Milwaukee and so did the Oriole bats for a 4-3 victory; the sense of imminent doom that had gripped those who cheer Earl Weaver's

flock receded ever so slightly. "We're still quivering," said Boog Powell stoutly. But within some of the immediate Oriole families, nonquivering had reached a level of wry acceptance.

Example: Dave McNally's 9-year-old son Jeff went out to retrieve the Baltimore Saw one recent morning and immediately saw the cartoon Oriole that serves as a graphic front-page report of the club's most recent game. A smiling bird, logically enough, means an Oriole victory, a frowning one defeat. Observing the bird's unsimiling beak, Jeff came in and said, "Hey, Daddy, you must have pitched last night, huh?"

It is ironic that in this, of all dynasties, the heaviest pressure in the dark hours seems to sit on the shoulders of someone not named Powell or Rettenmund or Blair. The burden is being borne by 23-year-old Bobby Grich, whose

game-winning hit Sunday in Milwaukee ended the Orioles' three-game losing skid. So complete has been the now-storied collapse of the Baltimore offense that young Grich has emerged as the O's most consistent hitter.

Grich had been invited up from the minors for two other season finales with Weaver's troupe, and both had ended in pennant-clinching blowouts whose hilarity spilled champagne on his head. In 1970 there had been an added party, the delirium of a World Series victory. This year he joined the varsity, and could rightfully have expected the parties to continue as he warmed the bench. Instead, as the team's troubles mounted, he won a starting job (at any infield position Weaver may select, but mostly at second or shortstop), has hit for the best average of any regular and met the pressure mounting on the Orioles with

a cool disdain. Indeed, such has been his year-long *sangfroid* that rumors have designated him as heir apparent to Brooks Robinson's post at third base and Frank Robinson's former role as Baltimore's team leader.

To Grich, however, such talk is premature. "Although you feel you might have had a good year statistically," he said after the Orioles had been beaten twice in Fenway Park last Wednesday night, "if you don't do well in the pennant stretch it's all for nothing. Where you finish indicates what kind of year you had. It's not a good year unless you win the pennant. That's what it's really all about."

As for leadership, Weaver says wait awhile. "It's way too early to put a burden like that on a youngster," he says. "Bobby has been a very valuable man to the ball club, but we don't expect him to lead. He's still making some mistakes through inexperience, but an unbelievably small number. Someday he will be the leader, but right now he's tough enough. It's a tribute to him just to have made the ball club. I really didn't expect him to become a regular so soon. I think he's going to be great. He's going to hit with power. Right now he's just feeling his way. He'll get to know the pitchers, and then he'll know who he can go downtown on."

Unfortunately for the Orioles last week, neither Marty Pattin nor Luis Tiant yet qualifies for such status in the Grich book of pitchers. Limiting the Orioles to a single run in the doubleheader, they proceeded to blank Bobby on seven appearances at the plate before Tiant walked him, to no damage, in the eighth inning of the second loss.

"We came here on Monday and won," Grich said, "and it looked like we were finally getting it together. On Tuesday it rained. I was ready to play ball. There was a big psychological letdown when the game was called. Then we blow both games Wednesday. That's how it's been for us all season. We just start to get going, and then we blow it. I hit the ball decently twice, and that was about it."

It was 58" in Fenway for the key Boston doubleheader, but a dour wind sent the chill factor plummeting to some point near the level of liquid nitrogen as 28,777 persons simultaneously shivered and cheered through Pattin's 9-1 victory and

Tiant's 4-0 shutout, his sixth of the season.

"When we lost I really felt way down," said Grich. The Orioles' losing pitchers, Jim Palmer and Mike Cuellar, were equally glum. "Our only run was driven in by me, the pitcher," Palmer said. "And there I was, throwing a wild pitch and dealing up doubles."

Under similar circumstances earlier in the season Bobby and his wife Marty would have sought some solace at a movie during the team's two-day hiatus in Baltimore. That, or tried another escape gambit, which calls for loading their black Labrador named Bloop into the Grich Volkswagen bus for a tour of the Maryland countryside. ("We knew the dog was going to be huge when he was a pup," Grich says, "so we named him after the most huge, likable person we knew.")

Marty Grich, however, left the East Coast two weeks ago to enroll for the fall term at Fresno State, where Bobby will join her in pursuit of his physical education degree once the baseball season is over.

"I've always wanted to be a coach," Grich says. "That and a professional athlete. My wife is a speech major who has her degree, but she's working on her teaching credentials so we'll have something to back us up if suddenly I can't hit a slider."

With Marty gone, Grich played his first round of golf since spring with Mark Belanger, Mickey Scott and Doyle Alexander. "It was great to play golf," he said. "I shot an 84 and I think I could probably go out and break 80 if I played more often."

Weaver sent the Orioles through a light practice Friday before they flew to Milwaukee where, if you were looking for omen, the National Renderers Association was also ensconced in the Pfister Hotel—similarly trying to keep the fat out of the fire, one assumes.

Grich spent the evening trying to extract a few dollars from his teammates in a card game, and there he offered a possible reason for the Orioles' fall this season.

"All year it seems that we've been looking over our shoulder," he said. "We were looking at the Detroit sixth-inning score back in June and July. That's hardly the time to be worrying about De-

troit or anyone else. We should have worried about our own game. Emotionally this race has you anxious inside. The thing is, it's constantly on your mind. I think about it 24 hours a day."

Not did the lowly Brewers provide any respite the next afternoon, scoring a 2-1 victory over the Orioles despite 10 Baltimore hits and a masterful pitching job by McNally before Weaver lifted him for a pinch hitter in the seventh inning. Under another leaden sky and with a damp chill that was becoming the expected thing, the Orioles stranded 11 men on base. Grich singled in his first trip to the plate, but his only other appearance on the base paths came after Milwaukee's Jim Lonborg hit his left biceps with an errant pitch.

"My arm went numb almost immediately," Grich told a teammate. "I thought the thing was broken."

"Let Nolan Ryan dig one into you, then see how numb you feel," his friend replied.

All the Orioles were left numb by their latest loss, one that reduced the usually loquacious Weaver to a terse, "We've just gotta play the eight games we have left and see what the rest of them do."

"The toughest part of being a major league ballplayer," Grich said, "is trying to keep physically and psychologically ready to play every day. You have the little nagging injuries, and it's tough to maintain an aggressive attitude day in and day out. That's what separates the superstars from average ballplayers. They can do it every day; the other guys, maybe every fourth day." Now everybody was trying to do it every day and every day.

Well, came Sunday—gray and misty at first, but the sun pecked out in the sixth inning and Baltimore came on in the seventh with a run to go ahead 3-2. In the ninth Palmer singled, Paul Blair also singled and Grich ripped one up the middle to score Palmer with what proved to be the winning run. For Palmer, who had a seven-hitter, it was win No. 21 for the year against nine defeats and No. 100 in his shining career; for Grich new evidence that, like it or not, he is this year's Bird with the bat.

"All we can do now," Bobby said afterward, "is go for seven wins in a row." He is even beginning to sound like a manager.

END



SO THE CANADIANS GO TO HOCKEYLAND

Russia, that is, where three million play the game and where the best whipped Team Canada—then lost a thriller **by MARK MULVOY**

Mother Russia opened her arms to Canada's All-Star hockey players last week—and gave them a bear hug they will not soon forget. Napoleon would have felt entirely at home. Needless to say, Team Canada had not expected Moscow to be all vodka and caviar. Its self-proclaimed supermen had, of course, been knocked on their national myths by the Russians on their own home ground earlier in the month. But there was something especially humiliating about the Canadians' 5-4 defeat Friday night as the teams opened a four-game series in the Russian capital. Canada had led 3-0 and 4-1, but even those handsome margins were not good enough that night as the Russians, in a shattering display of hockey power, rose up and destroyed their guests in the third period.

"We have our ups and downs" said Canada Coach Harry Sinden with perfect truth. "We can't put two good periods together, but they could play the same way 24 hours a day until midnight of the third Thursday next February. Maybe I should have stuck to building houses."

Things were not quite that bad. On Sunday night the Canadians made Sinden swallow some of his words as they overcame their mental depression, put together the three solid periods of hockey Sinden had been pleading for and shocked the confident Russians 3-2. The Russians pressed furiously for the tying goal on their power play for most of the game's last two minutes, but four times Ken Dryden thwarted them with miraculous saves around the goal mouth. For Dryden, who gave up 12 goals in the two games he played in Canada—and lost—the victory was at least partial redemption. "I had to change my style," he

said. "I like to come out of the goal and challenge the shooters, but the Russians never shoot. They pass the puck, and they were passing it around me for easy goals. Tonight I stayed in my net and stayed on my feet more. It worked."

The Canadian comeback partly atoned for the disastrous collapse two evenings before and made it possible, if unlikely, for the NHL All-Stars to take the entire eight-game series by winning the final two games in Moscow. Although nothing would remove the shock of the Canadian losses, Sunday's victory at least proved that Canada belongs on the same rank with the Russians.

Having suffered the summer-long dismantling of Boris Spassky by Bobby Fischer at long range, Leonid Brezhnev, Aleksei Kosygin and Nikolai Podgorniy, the Big Three of Soviet politics, chose a box at center ice on Friday night from



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL DI SANCRO

Prattfalls by Phil Esposito, clutching flower in opening ceremony, and a defenseman in the game are omens of the first-night defeat.

which to relish the Russian hockey men close up. So great was the demand for tickets that Yevgeny Yevrushenko, the poet, had to sit high in the end rafters. Yes, hockey is a big game in Moscow.

The Canadians came 2,700-strong—35 players, the rest Intourist trippers—supplied with beer, Scotch, mineral water, steak, Coca-Cola, towels, soap, toilet paper, miniature maple leaf buttons, regulation Canadian flags, enough gum to dam the Moskva River and enough clothes to outfit the Soviet Army for the next 10 years. For the most part the Russians were ready for them. Although the players consumed their own imported steaks, their traveling fans had few, if any, complaints about the quality of the Russian food, particularly the chicken Kiev, or the speed at which it appeared on the table. The hotel rooms may have been closet-size, but facilities were quite reasonable if not lavish. Besides overnight journeys to Leningrad and Kiev, the Russian hosts scheduled tours of the Kremlin and the subway during the day and visits to the Bolshoi Ballet and the Moscow Circus at night. "One day I took a bus and saw all the buildings from the front," said one Canadian. "and the next day I took a barge and saw them all from the back."

Late at night the Russians relaxed their drinking hours and kept the dollar bars open until the vodka supply ran out, usually after four a.m. The bars resounded with choruses of the Saskatchewan Roughriders' fight song and *Let Canadians tour us*, and when they closed the revelry moved upstairs to the Scotch closets or outside into Red Square for a parade with the Canadian flag that was in competition with the hourly changing of the guard at Lenin's tomb. Naturally, the Canadians managed to lose that game, too.

They did win the button war. Every day hundreds of Russian children would crowd around the hotel lobbies and the entrances to the Palace of Sports and offer to trade their lapel buttons for maple leaf buttons or anything else—especially the chewing gum—the Canadians happened to have with them. "Look at this," said the still-injured Bobby Orr one day, unbuckling his dress shirt. Pinned to his superhero shirt underneath were rows and rows of maple leaves that he would soon be exchanging at a profitable three-for-one ratio.

The best deal was Assurant Coach

John Ferguson's trade of one stick of Wrigley's spearmint for a Lenin button. "An embassy guy told me the Lenin buttons are the hardest things to get in Moscow," Ferguson said smugly.

What the Russians were not prepared for was the faddish clothing and the distinctly different training habits of the NHL stars. Everyone in Russia seems to wear drab gray or shiny black. When the Russians got glimpses of Yvan Cournoyer's Halloween jacket, a dazzling blend of burnt orange, black, red and blue, Paul Henderson's checked flared pants and Tony Esposito's brown and white patent leather shoes with stepped-up heels, they poked one another, point-



A fan in the Palace of Sports invests 50 kopecks in ice cream at refreshment booth.

ed at the Canadians and shook their heads as if viewing madmen.

They were equally dumfounded when they saw the Canadian players smoking cigars, cigarettes and Tiparillos, playing tricks on one another during practice sessions on the ice and relaxing afterward with a beer or two. "They don't understand our habits, and we don't understand theirs," said Phil Esposito. "That's what makes the world go round."

While in Moscow the Canadians also were subjected to a good deal of bragging by the Russians, who have, among other things, a government Department of Sports Propaganda. The Russians



A Muscovite raises his hands and voice in jubilation as Russia roars up from behind.

were still gloating over the remarkable showing of the Communist bloc at Munich. As every Canadian read or heard several times, the athletes of 11 Socialist countries accounted for only 10% of all participants in the Olympic Games, yet won 285 medals—47.5%. Said Vitaly Savinov, first deputy chairman of the Soviet Committee for Physical Culture and Sport. "The attempts to ascribe the success of athletes from the Socialist countries to alleged special properties of the Socialist systems are unconvincing. There are no secrets, as

FOOTNOTED

Gordie Howe Dryden, hero of the Canada comeback, strolls in Red Square with his wife.



sport in the Socialist countries has become extremely popular. The success of the Soviet teams is based on the solid foundation of participation of millions in sports activities in the U.S.S.R."

Take hockey, as a not so idle example. The Russians estimate they have 600,000 senior amateur players and more than three million youngsters registered in various hockey programs. "I cannot give an exact figure on the kids," said Kirill Romensky of the Soviet Ice Hockey Department, "because it is difficult to keep track. In Siberia, you know, they start to skate the minute they get out of the napkin." Maybe so, but for Goaltender Vladimir Tretiak, who seems to be a model product of the Soviet sports system, active participation in athletics did not really begin until he reached the ripe old age of 7.

Like all Russian youths, Tretiak, who was born in Moscow 20 years ago, began to attend state-sponsored sports classes when he turned 7. For the next three years he worked at many sports—hockey, volleyball, basketball, soccer, ski jumping, gymnastics, tennis—and began to develop his physique under the watchful eyes of special physical training instructors, all graduates of physical culture institutes. Besides teaching Tretiak the strict, state-approved method of, say, shooting free throws, these instructors also tested his mental and psychological qualities. Their appraisals were then forwarded to the Committee for Sports and Moscow's Physical Culture Research Institute for official examination. Tretiak obviously possessed the traits of the perfect goaltender, so at the age of 11 he was given some armor and told to become the next Jacques Plante. At this point he was separated from the majority of young Russians and placed in a junior sports school at the Central Army Club in Moscow. There are only three standard indoor rinks in Moscow, including the Army Club arena, and only selected youths such as Tretiak ever get to play on them. The club is one of the top training grounds for Russia's best athletes, and it makes the average YMCA or high school sports complex look like a one-hole golf course.

Among other facilities, the Central Army Club has large separate buildings for hockey, tennis, weight lifting, swimming, gymnastics and basketball, as well as a 7,000-seat soccer stadium. Between the buildings are outdoor basketball

courts, volleyball grounds and mini-sized soccer fields. In the hockey building there also is a special rink strictly for figure skaters, and one day last week two dozen teen-aged Russian girls spent hour after hour practicing their splits under the steady supervision of a coach.

In time Tretiak proved to be the best young goaltender in the country. When he turned 15 he came under the tutelage of Anatoly Tarasov, the innovative head coach of the Central Army Club and Russia's foremost hockey expert. He was coach of the national team until he had a falling out with his superiors over his request for a pay raise after Russia won another gold medal last February at Sapporo. Tarasov spent hours every day with Tretiak, drilling him on the finer points of goaltending as he himself had learned them from the Canadians.

Tretiak was now a member of Russia's young elite, someone who would not be spending the rest of his days mopping a lashe in Minsk. One of the attractions of sport in Russia is that it is the fastest way out of gray-black anonymity and into the world of wash-and-wear shirts, automobiles and large apartments—not to mention those midnight-blue, double-breasted blazers with hammers and sickle patches on the breast and those royal blue sweat suits with two thin stripes down the side Russian athletes seem to wear everywhere they go.

Appreciating what goaltending excellence could mean to him, Tretiak continued to improve, and in 1970 Tarasov considered him ready not only for the Central Army Club's team in Russia's major hockey league but also for the national team in world competition.

However, since the Russians insist that their players are unpaid amateurs—jobless people in the U.S.S.R. may be arrested on a charge of parasitism—Tretiak had to find permanent employment. No problem. He was made a lieutenant in the Soviet Army and assigned the task of developing, well, another Tretiak. As a lieutenant-goaltender his salary is about 400 rubles (\$488) a month, or roughly the same as a general's. But Tretiak, like the other Soviet hockey players, also earns sizable bonuses for outstanding athletic accomplishments such as winning Olympic gold medals and victories over Canada. His bonus for the Canada-Russia series reportedly might be some 2,000 rubles. As a result Tretiak can well afford to buy the new

cars and live in the big apartments that are unavailable to 99.9% of the Russians in his age group.

One day a group of Canadians was kidding Tretiak about all the money he makes, and Alan Eagleson, who is Bobby Orr's lawyer, thought to ask Tretiak if he would like to attend Orr's hockey school in Orillia, Ontario next summer. As an instructor, of course, not a student. "You pay to bring my wife, too?" Tretiak asked. "Sure," Eagleson answered. "Boy, you're becoming quite a pro already. Next you'll want to know about the pension plan." Tretiak laughed as the interpreter relayed Eagleson's remarks. "Do, do," he said, nodding his head.

Tretiak plays hockey 11 months of the year, taking a vacation only in early summer. When he is not playing for the national team he is the regular goaltender for the Central Army Club. Not surprisingly, the Central Army Club has had the best record in its nine-team league the past few seasons. All the teams in the major league are supported by various Russian trade unions or factories, not by the state as such. Spartak, the most popular team among the fans because of its hell-for-leather style, represents a cooperative of light industries. Dynamo is sponsored by the police and the KGB. Games involving the Central Army Club, Spartak and Dynamo always sell out the Palace of Sports, but when Traktor comes from Siberia to Moscow to play Lokomotiv, there are empty seats everywhere. Just like Los Angeles when the Buffalo Sabres drop by.

Although Tretiak has been Russia's No. 1 goaltender for several years, he was hardly considered in a class with Dryden and Esposito until he began to outplay them a few weeks ago. In fact, after the Russians were upset by the Czechs for the world title last April, there were rumors in Moscow that Yevgeny Bobrov, who had replaced Tarasov as the Soviet head coach, was going to option Tretiak to Siberia. "He had a terrible glove hand," said Stanislav Koska, the Czech coach. "I don't know how he did it, but he must have learned to use his glove hand during the summer."

That he did. After every workout this summer Bobrov and his assistant, Boris Kulagin, kept Tretiak on the ice for at least another hour and forced him to face the firing squad, a shooting machine that fires a puck every four seconds.



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ends at speeds up to 100 mph. Tretak now owns the fastest glove hand in the U.S.S.R. "He certainly is not the same goalie we used to plan our game around," said Kjell Svensson, Sweden's coach.

Tretak's development also reflects the total commitment of the Soviet coaches, who can devote all their time to coaching because they do not have television shows to tape or newspaper columns to write. Last Friday, for instance, Bobrov and Kulagin spent 90 minutes on the ice in the morning with the team that was to play Canada that night, and then they worked for 90 minutes more with the 12 players who were not going to play.

After those players practiced their passing, stick handling and shooting for about half an hour, they scrambled for a solid hour. Nonstop. No substitutions. All the while Kulagin stood against the boards with a microphone in his hand and barked pertinent comments as the players worked about.

"*Bistree, bistree!*" he shouted. "Faster, faster! You can do nothing without moving!" A forward made a bad pass, fell down and took his time getting up again. "*Shto ty delayesh?*" Kulagin screamed angrily. "What are you doing?" Later one of the players tried a solo down the ice and was easily stopped. Kulagin shook his head at the guilty individual. "Can't you count to two?" he said, meaning that he had better pass the puck the next time—or else.

Reflecting on the Russian workouts, Harry Sinden said, "Why couldn't we think of using a microphone on the ice during practice? No, we have to yell at players, and they either don't hear us or don't want to hear us. And the way they work at passing is fascinating.

"Look at it this way. The best product of the Canadian teaching system the past few years probably has been Gilbert Perreault. He is a magnificent individual performer, but he has no real idea how to use the other four players on the ice with him. It's not his fault. No one has taken the time to teach him. It's that simple."

Or is it? The Socialist system, of course, attempts to play down the so-called "cult of personality" and emphasizes attitudes of cooperation, dedication and anonymity. There are no postgame television interviews, no star-of-the-game shows, no locker room interviews for the afternoon papers, no endorsements of automobiles or clothes or shav-

ing cream. Bobrov and Kulagin will say only, "The goaltender was good"—never "Tretak was good"—and if someone suggests that Valeri Kharlamov played a strong game, they answer, "All the left wings were very good."

Sinden sees the merits of the Soviet approach, although he doubts that such tactics—particularly downgrading individual performances—could survive very long in the NHL. "The ironic thing," Sinden said, "is that our best players in this series against the Russians have been the so-called nonstars—people like Bobby Clarke and Paul Henderson and Gary Bergman, to mention a few. Except for the Esposito brothers, all of our so-called stars have been total busts."

Vic Hadfield of the New York Rangers, who scored 50 goals last year and then signed a \$200,000-a-year contract, quit Team Canada last week and returned home when he could not beat out J. P. Parise, a relatively unknown left wing for the Minnesota North Stars, for a place in the lineup. "Parise came here and worked," Sinden said, "Hadfield didn't. You look at what the two of them did for five or six weeks, and it makes you wonder about all this star business." Hadfield wasn't the only Team Canada player to bug out. So did Rick Martin, Jocelyn Guevremont and Finest Individual Gil Perreault.

"I don't understand it," Sinden said. "Twelve and 15 years ago Canada beat the Russians with guys who hauled lunch buckets all week. Guys who delivered milk. Guys who tended bar. Why can't these guys we have here—the highest-paid players in the world—beat them?"

Maybe Boris Kulagin had the best answer: "The Canadians," he said simply, "are not as serious about hockey as we are. Everything in hockey is in the seriousness of the approach." Concluded Sinden: "Maybe hockey has to become a year-long job in Canada, too."

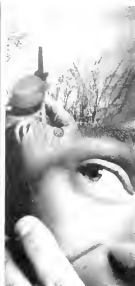
Meanwhile, Team Canada fans were losing their apathy. One day an irate Canadian man spotted NHL President Clarence Campbell at the dollar bar in the Hotel Intourist and started to insult Campbell's hockey intelligence.

"I know more about hockey than anyone in it," Campbell told the man.

"Ah, you mean you know more than Tarasov and Bohrov?" the fan asked.

Campbell thought for a moment. "I was speaking about North America," he said.

END

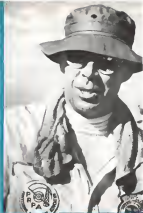


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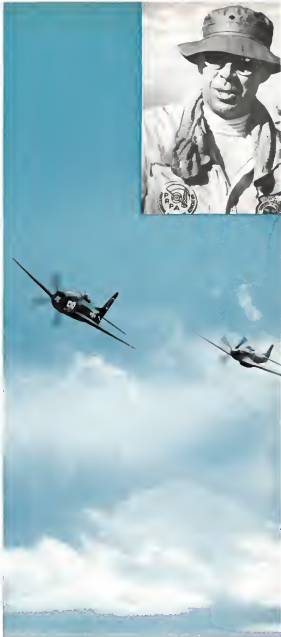


HOW TO SUCCEED WHILE FLYING SCARED



Air racing terrified him, vowed Gunther Balz, the chap in the funny hat above who is also in the P-51 boring down on the competitor ahead of him. But somewhere up there over Reno Balz broke the fright barrier

by JACK OLSEN



A teen-ager with a cigarette fixed to his lip walked alongside the elderly World War II fighter plane and called out "Hey, who owns this thing?"

"No. 3," said a voice from the aircraft's inwards.

"Where's he from?" someone else asked.

"No. 4," the voice said.

"Why do people do crazy things like this?" the teen muttered.

"No. 16," answered the voice.

A spectator who couldn't bear to watch the young man's puzzlement pointed helpfully to a blackboard posted alongside the old P-51 Mustang. On the board was chalked "40 Answers to Dumb Questions." No. 3 was "Günther Balz." No. 4 was "Kalamazoo, Mich." No. 16 was "*How can you make a plane,*" which another bystander helpfully translated as "Don't bother the monkeys when they're trying to get Günther's plane in shape."

The scene of these arcane rites was one of those parched and abandoned Air Force bases scarring the Western desert with bomber-length runways that surely must baffle scientists on Uranus and Pluto. The occasion was the ninth annual running (or flying) of the resurrected Reno National Championship Air Races—for propeller aircraft only—an event reviving a sport that was moribund from 1949 to 1964 because it was killing off pilots and spectators alike. Now, thanks to a tough lawyer and air-racing enthusiast named Stanley Brown and some equally inspired colleagues, the races were alive and kicking and roaring and coughing and splating at a decibel level even higher than the Lexington Avenue subway. For three days the racers turned the gambling-and-marrying town of Reno into the world capital of interrupted conversations, and the old air base north of town into a farrago of din and flash.

There were planes in forest green and soda-pop orange and lemon-peel yellow, and stripes and crescents and swirls and checks, and even a few in camouflage paint to heighten nostalgia. The aircraft ranged in size from tiny Formula 1 racers that looked like airplane models up to "the big iron," World War II-type fighters that race in the spectacular Un-

limited Class. There was even one sleek little blue-and-white gull-winged racer dubbed *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, which figures.

Günther Balz, No. 3 on the Dumb-Answer board, is a 40-year-old manufacturer and oenophile and self-described "half-fast" inventor whose own racing P-51 bears a nonflashy coat of gunmetal resin to hide the rivets. The tall, blue-eyed Balz, a graduate of MIT, is so intimidated by speed that he drives a tiny Honda automobile (top speed, 65 mph) and suffers nervous indigestion every time he races his *Roto-Finish Special*, named after his company back home in Kalamazoo (and nicknamed by his competitors "Old Roto-Rooter").

There is no simple explanation of what a respectable businessman and patent holder like Günther Balz is doing in a zany sport like Unlimited air racing. "Gee, I wish I knew," Balz says in the ingenuous manner that serves to conceal his erudition and sometimes to psych his opponents into taking him too lightly. "For years I resisted flying. I said, I'm not gonna break my neck. Then my dad took it up in his mid-50s, and he said, 'Günther, as long as I've got this airplane, why don't you learn to fly it?' In the air, I had two immediate reactions: I was scared, and I was enjoying myself. So I bought a racing plane, and then I bought another. I'm still scared right up till I get buckled into the cockpit, and after every race I have a little ritual. I jump out of the plane as fast as I can, and I practically flunk from sheer terror at what I've done. But I'm still enjoying myself. Is that normal? I don't know. When I figure it out, I'll put the answer on the chalkboard."

If Günther Balz sounds a trifle, uh, different, then consider some of the other 100 or so pilots who raced at Reno for \$81,000 in purses. Since there are hardly any legitimate air races left (Reno's was the only major event for Unlimiteds this year), one no longer sees the greasy, red-eyed professionals who, in Novelist William Faulkner's words, "... wanted just enough money to live, to get to the next place to race again." Nowadays an air racer must have an outside income, like Cliff Cummins, M.D., of Riverside, Calif., who drives a souped-up

P-51, wears *Leatherhosen* on the flight line and looks like a young Harpo Marx, right down to—or up to—his hardbo. He also is a noted radiologist.

Then there are "Bearcat Fats," a 270-pound investor named John Church who races an immaculate, navy blue F8F-2 Bearcat; and "Mr. X," a major airline's chief pilot who flies somebody else's racer and hopes to God his company does not find out; and Howe Keefe, a 51-year-old Los Angeles advertising executive who still wears his Navy cap bearing scrambled eggs and gold pilot's wings; and Jack Slikker of Wadley, Ga., who crop-dusts all year to save up for the races, sometimes has to be advanced gasoline money for the trip home, and whose on-the-ground crew is said to consist of a crescent wrench jammed into his back pocket.

"Normal human beings?" says the race director, Jerry Duty. "No, they're not normal human beings or they wouldn't be here. But who likes normal human beings?"

Partly as a result of Duty's proficiency and partly as a result of meticulous planning by Chief Judge Stan Brown and his staff of hyperenergetic businessmen, the Reno races rang up eight consecutive years without a fatality or injury. "We've had our Maydays," Duty said, "but—knock wood—we've brought 'em all back alive every year." But this year he didn't knock wood hard enough.

The first heat of the Unlimited races brought a bolder omen. Howe Keefe, in his *Miss America*, began a routine pass over the top of Lyle Shelton, a DC-8 pilot from Cypress, Calif. flying a beautiful purple-and-white F8F Bearcat, *The Puss Phoenix*. Just as Keefe's red-and-blue Mustang lapped onto the Bearcat at something over 400 mph, Shelton began to climb into him, the result was a near collision that had the crowd gasping. "Oh, they missed by two, three feet," Jerry Duty said, his eyes blazing with anger. "It adds spice to the races, but it's the kind of space we can do without." At a meeting later, Duty reminded all the pilots at the top of his lungs. "Don't move into any space you haven't cleared or you'll do your racing someplace else." The message was received.

continued

The winner of the first Unlimited heat was the undisputed super-plane of the Reno races—and, indeed, the fastest propeller-driven aircraft in the world—*Conquest I*, a highly refurbished F8F Bearcat that once was clocked at 483.041 mph. Its owner, a Mach 3 test pilot named Darryl Greenamyer, was sitting out this year's races as a result of several unappreciated feats of dangerous demming-do while winning last year's event. Greenamyer's Bearcat had appeared in the Reno races eight times and won seven (losing only in 1970 when the wheels refused to retract), and this year it was being flown ferociously by a dashing NASA pilot named Richard Laidley, who is a Ph.D. in geology on the side. After experts watched rookie Laidley warm up in spine-tingling rides at pylon heights, word went out around the field: "*Conquest I* absolutely can't lose." Said Jerry Duty: "Darryl's gonna have his revenge."

Gunther Balz, wearing a Dave Wootle-type fatigue cap and suffering from his usual vapors, won the other Unlimited heat race at a speed of 395.590, which was eight mph slower than Dr. Laidley's time. So the eventual winner seemed more than ever foreordained, at least to everyone but Balz. But then Balz knew something. The sky wine collector had been indulging in a classic technique of racing—sandbagging.

"Last year I qualified at 419 miles an hour," Balz explained later, "and that's still the National Air Race qualifying record. But my speed told everybody how fast my plane was and who to beat in the finals, and they went out and did it. This year I held my qualifying speed way down—393.75—and I never used more than 90% throttle when I won my heat race at 395.59. Even at that, I tore about four feet of surface off the fuselage. There's a lot of G forces out there. It's scary."

The day before the big race, which was the grand finale of the meeting, a smarmy-looking mechanic explained to a group of insiders on the apron, "Laidley can't be beat."

"Anybody can be beaten," Gunther Balz said quietly, and cycled away to oversee repairs on his skinned airplane. Somebody said in his wake, "Maybe we should make that Stupid Answer No. 41."

The night before the Unlimited finals, Balz hardly slept. "I knew I was gonna

finish first or last," he said later. "I was gonna win that race or I was gonna blow the engine to pieces. It was unsettling." Out on the ramp early the next morning, he described his feelings to another pilot, Bob Mitchem, an AT-6 champion who was stepping up to Unlimited himself. "Bob," Balz said, "it's got to be everything or nothing."

"It's only a race, Gunther," Mitchem answered. "You don't have to go all out all the way."

"The hell you don't," Balz snapped. "There's only one way to beat the world's fastest airplane, and that's flat-out from start to finish."

Then, under a searing sun and a powder blue sky dusted with light puffs of cloud, bad vibes set in. In the AT-6 event a plane jumped the flag on a standing start, swerved into the stream of other racers and almost forced one of them into the jammed grandstands at full throttle. "That's the closest to a major tragedy I've ever seen," said a quaking race official. A few minutes later three automobiles and a camper drove blithely down the airport runway, apparently having blundered onto the course via a back road. And just after noon the unblemished record of the Reno races went up in a deadly puff of black, oily smoke.

Thomas Biplane Pilot H. E. (Tommy) Sports, an affable airplane sales executive from Sacramento, was flying straight and level down the back course when—without warning or apparent reason—he crashed nose first at full power. A helicopter was at the scene in seconds, but the first words over the radio were, "Call the coroner."

Back in the hangar putting finishing touches to his plane, Gunther Balz heard about the crash and felt violently sick to his stomach. "I began looking around for an excuse not to fly," he said later. "Anything—a tiny leak, a crack in the canopy, anything, but there was nothing. I had to fly."

The Unlimited racers—three P-51 Mustangs, two F8F Bearcats, a Hawker Sea Fury and Bob Mitchem's Goodyear-built Corsair, each of them representing about a \$100,000 investment—followed a pace Mustang far out over the Sierra Nevada and then came winging toward the line for a flying start. Dr. Dick Laidley and his aluminum-colored *Conquest I* were on the pole, tucked tightly against the pace plane. Balz took up a position

slightly above and behind. When the starter turned them loose, "Old Roto-Rooter" fell back into third place, a victim of the relatively slow starting speed of about 350. "She doesn't like to fly that slow," Balz explained later. "The engine was gurgling and spluttering and complaining. But I couldn't just advance full throttle—that would have sent a rod flying through the fuselage. So it took me a mile or so to get up a head of speed gradually. When I finally got moving, I could see Laidley down low in the lead, and Lyle Shelton running second in his Bearcat. I wasn't on full throttle, and I was still keeping pace with them, so I figured I was in pretty good shape."

But he also remained frightened. He still wanted an excuse to drop out and he found a good one in only the second lap of the eight-lap (76-mile) race. His water-pressure indicator fell sharply, and the heat gauge began going up. The water-methanol mixture cools the engine and also provides extra power through injection, and without it a racer has absolutely no chance. "I was relieved," Balz said. "I said to myself, 'That's what you've been looking for. Now you don't have to race.'"

"But just for the hell of it—I'll never know why, except that I wanted that trophy in the worst damned way—I began advancing the throttle, and the crazy thing responded. The whole plane just jumped. It felt great. All my dials were past the red lines and I said to myself, 'Let's go.' And I went absolutely wide open."

From the ground the race had appeared to be running routinely through the first two laps. Laidley was flying a perfect course at pylon height; Shelton was a few seconds behind and slightly higher, and Balz was hanging up in third position at the abnormally high altitude of 500 feet.

The first indication of any deviation from the script came when *Roto-Finish* *Spirit* roared past *Phantom Phoenix* right in front of the main stands on the third lap and then began making a run at the leader.

Screaming into the fourth lap, the intrepid Dr. Laidley made his only mistake of a perfect race. He took pylon No. 1 a few yards wide. Balz made a perfect turn and closed ground.

In the middle of the backstretch on the 9.5-mile course, Balz flew right

continued

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FLYING SCARED *continued*

over the top of Laidley and took the lead. The race announcer reacted with consternation. "Will that Rolls-Royce engine take the pressure that Balz is putting to it?" he cried over the P.A. system.

Up in the air with four laps to go, Gunther Balz was equally concerned about the engine and his wildly spinning instruments. Briefly he thought, "Boy, that's the first time Laidley's ever been passed. I'll bet he can't believe it." But the race was only half over, and Balz was squeezing 3,300 hp out of a 27-year-old engine built to put out 1,400. At any second, it could seize up—or blow up.

For all this show of power, Laidley and the world's fastest prop plane were far from finished. The gritty NASA test pilot, a soft-spoken gentlemanly soul on the ground but a wild competitor in the air, accomplished what most of the spectators and judges thought was impossible and certainly unwise: he lowered his altitude. Race rules call for a minimum altitude of pylon heights—45 feet—but Laidley repeatedly dropped his port wing tip to within inches of the parched desert sand as he churned about the pylons. His progress on the buck course could be followed by the long ribbon of dust he was raising—at speeds around 450 mph—and judges and spectators were aghast.

A radio message crackled out to *Conquest I*: "Watch the low flying." Laidley picked some more floweringsage with his wing tip and the message was repeated. By now the crowd was standing up, amazed and a little unnerved by the bold ride of the second-place pilot, and the judges came within an ace of black-flagging him.

But for all the ground he saved, Laidley was gaining nothing on Gunther Balz. The P-51 was turning laps at 430, reaching 460 in the straights, opening the gap, and there was no doubt whatever that it was going to finish as predicted—first or last. On the ramp a mixed group of P-51 drivers and mechanics and owners and wives, exhilarated by the prospect of an end to *Conquest I*'s relentless reign, whooped and hollered and jumped up and down, and when Balz flashed past the checkered flag to begin his safety lap, the crowd noise seemed louder than the airplanes.

At that dramatic point Gunther Balz and his gray Mustang vanished.

"Where'd he go?" people shouted. Binoculars were aimed all over the abandoned air base, but the Mustang was gone. "It crashed! It crashed!" a hysterical woman shouted, and necks were craned to find the telltale puff of smoke rising from the desert.

But then "Old Roto-Rooter" came into sight, not in the air but on the ground, chugging slowly along one of the runways on the far side of the huge air base, about three miles from the grandstands. The ancient warplane took forever to lurch and squal its way to the winner's circle, where Balz jerked the canopy open and told his crew chief, Dwight Thorn, "I love ya, I love ya," and then added in a lower voice: "We just made it, boy."

"Where'd you disappear to?" somebody asked, and Balz explained that the plane was simply exhausted—"It couldn't have raced another half mile"—and that he had dumped it, "downwind and dirty," on the first runway he saw after the checkered flag. He didn't seem surprised to learn that his speed, 416.160 mph, was a new national Unlimited championship record or that Laidley himself had turned a near-record 413.175 (but was later disqualified for his low ride, giving second place to Lyle Shelton and third to Howie Keefe).

Still wearing his wattle hat, the winner and world-class worrier climbed out on a wing of his P-51 and slid to the ground. A woman ran up and said, "Hey, Mr. Balz, I bet on you. Here, you can have my winnings." She handed over 30 cents, bringing Balz' total purse to \$12,500.30.

Off to one side, Dr. Dick Laidley was catching his breath in the shadow of *Conquest I*, his salt-and-pepper hair wringing wet from cockpit heat and total effort. Balz strode over and asked, "What happened?"

"Nothing," Laidley said, smiling wanly.

"Come on," Balz said. "What happened?"

"Nothing happened," Laidley repeated firmly. "You went faster, that's all."

Balz turned away, signed more autographs, shook more hands, exchanged expertise with a few of his competitors and headed back to his camper half a mile down the ramp. En route, he suddenly realized he had forgotten his traditional post-race ritual. He had no found time to be scared.

END

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Woodstock On Wheels

The U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, a small hamlet out of harm's way in upstate New York, is the most glamorous international motor race in this country. It is the last of the 12 Formula 1 events in the world drivers' championship and it is presented in racing's folksiest setting. The Glen is the precise opposite of Monaco, where they roar through the city streets past the elegant old Casino, and a far cry from, say, Nürburgring, which is positively urban in comparison with tiny Elmira, N.Y. Watkins Glen lies hidden in the wine country where the air is so clean that it stings the lungs. The hills unravel into the distance like festive patchwork quilts of reds, umber and golds as—exactly on schedule every year—the landscape explodes into autumn color, heightening the incongruity of pastoral calm and straightaways taken at 200 mph. With all this to offer, it was inevitable that the Glen would be discovered by that great new mobile army of Americans—the young. Bearded, bearded and occasionally bombed, they converge for a rocking, rolling pageant. The Spirit of Woodstock prevails, the kids mixing in their easy-going fashion with the serious fans. They camp out, frolic in the mud, weave garlands of fallen leaves into their hair and, now and then, watch the race cars rolling by.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE







Bouncing over the crest of a curving hill on the Watkins Glen course, a Formula 1 driver could—if he had the time to glance up—see the U.S. Grand Prix being played out against the spectacular backdrop of autumn foliage at left. But, upon closer inspection, the setting breaks down to an even more familiar racing scene: young and happy crowds, living and littering it up with abandon and enjoying the event as the last outing of the summer, a time when—as with the two gentlemen at right—a beer break can become just as important a move as capturing it all on film.





New Bay in an Old Man's Game

by ROBERT F. JONES

When he first appeared on the Grand Prix circuit two years ago, the 1m joke among the carshaft cognoscenti was to ask, "Emerson... Who?" Then, when he won the 1970 U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen in only his fourth Formula 1 outing, a few began saying, "Emerson... Wow!" Now, as he has whipped his black and gold Lotus through this season's races with ever-increasing speed and success, the chorus has risen to full volume—"Emerson... Whoa!"

No way they are going to stop him. Rolling on with the inexorable momentum of his native Amazon, Brazil's Emerson Fittipaldi has swept aside repeated challenges from such Grand Prix grandees as Jackie Stewart, Denny Hulme and Jacky Ickx to win this season's world drivers' championship going away. He locked up the title early in September at Monza with his fifth victory in 10 starts. A Canadian triumph last week (he ran 11th) plus a U.S. win this week would have equaled the late Jim Clark's record of seven F-1 victories in a single season.

Not that F. Whoa of São Paulo and Lausanne needs a tie to underscore his significance. At the age of 25—mere babyhood in a sport usually dominated by graybeards—he is the youngest man ever to wear the title of world's best driver. By contrast, Juan Manuel Fangio, the giant of Grand Prix racing and the only other South American ever to win the title, was 38 years old in his first full season of European racing and 46 when he won his last of a record five world championships back in 1957.

Of the active Grand Prix drivers who have won world championships, Fittipaldi is the only one under 30—a triumph for the New generation. Graham Hill, who won the title in both 1962 and 1968, is now 43; Denny Hulme, the 1967 champion, is 36; Jackie Stewart,

winner in 1969 and 1971, turned 33 last June. Emerson is not unaware of these facts, nor unable to crack wise about them. After winning the Austrian GP at Zeltweg by 1.18 seconds over a hard-charging, heavy-breathing Hulme, he remarked: "I drove the last two laps like a lady being followed by a nasty old man."

Other nasty old men—plus a few nasty young ones—made the entire season anything but easy for Fittipaldi. He failed to finish in the opening race of the year, the Grand Prix of Argentina, which was won by defending champion Stewart, then came second to Hulme in the South African GP at Kyalami. But the first two races of any Formula 1 year are mere warmups, with the new cars either absent or still shaking down. By the time the Spanish Grand Prix rolled around in May, Emerson was ready, and so, finally, was his JPS Lotus 72D. "All through the 1971 season the machine had been balky and troublesome," Fittipaldi recalled recently. "But the basic design, we knew, was sound. It was a question of—how you say?—making of the parts a working whole. At Jarama they came together." Hotter than the Spanish sun, Fittipaldi burned up the 2.115-mile course with a record winning speed of 92.35 mph. His margin of victory over the second-place car of Ickx was 19 seconds—a gap that might have been a half a century by Grand Prix standards.

The Grand Prix of Monaco was next, the last world championship race that is still run on city streets. Monaco, even under the best conditions, provides the optimum test of driver judgment, gearboxes and brakes. It is no wonder that the active driver who has had the most success at Monte Carlo is ancient Graham Hill, a man who has never been known for "natural" speed, but rather for meticulous preparation and canny racing tactics. This year the difficulties of the course were further complicated by rain, thus making Monaco a tire test in addition to everything else. Veteran

Jean-Pierre Beltoise and his massive BRM got the bite that the others were lacking and took the lead on the green flag. He was never headed, though Stewart gave him a hot chase before spinning out near the finish. Fittipaldi's inexperience in the wet was painfully evident; he finished well back in third place after a couple of grievous spins that fortunately did nothing to bend either the car or the Brazilian. "Monaco was a bad dream," he says. "I felt like I was in a frying pan."

The Belgian GP was held this year at Nivelles, a grudging concession to the complaints of the Grand Prix Drivers' Association that the fast Spa-Francorchamps course is too dangerous for today's cars. Stewart, who has led the six-year battle to outlaw Spa until more safety features are added, sped into a rainstorm there while leading on the first lap in 1966, left the road at 150 mph in Burnenville Corner, knocked down a few stone walls and was trapped up by its armpits in a cockpit full of gasoline for some 35 minutes. "Spa is much *peñ-grow*," says Emerson in his unique blending of English and Portuguese—a patois his friends describe as "Porglish." He felt much more at home on the Nivelles course, winning the race by a hefty 26.5-second margin at an average speed of 113.33 mph, another record.

By now Stewart knew that the championship was fast slipping from his grasp. A new Tyrrell-Ford was ready for the Scottish defender when the motorized circus gathered at Clermont-Ferrand four weeks later for the French Grand Prix, but Stewart's teammate, the dashing young François Cevert, dashed the new car to pieces during practice and Stewart was forced to fend off Fittipaldi's challenge in an older machine. It was Jackie's high point of the season. Needing all of his wiles on the ancient, potholed course, he used traffic and savvy to whip Fittipaldi by a convincing 27.7 seconds over the 190.35-mile distance. "Jackie is the toughest," says Fittipaldi simply. The track was tough

continued

"I not speak the English as good," declares World Driving Champion Emerson Fittipaldi at 25, "but then, I speak the driving well."

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THE GLEN

well: after the first few laps, rocks that had been kicked out of the shoulders onto the track turned the race into a Stone Age tribal war. Austria's Helmut Marko was hit in the faceplate by a rock slung back from a car ahead of him and may lose his sight in one eye. Just a minor peril on the glamorous Grand Prix circuit.

Despite his second-place finish in France, the sixth race of the season, Fittipaldi was still the point leader at the midway mark—34 to Stewart's 21, with Hulme in third place at 19. The pressure was on, but at Brands Hatch in the British Grand Prix, Fittipaldi demonstrated conclusively that his were not your ordinary Brazilian coffee nerves. Through an hour and three-quarters of unnerving lead changes, he kept his cool and he emerged with a 4.1-second margin over the tightly packed field when the checkered flag fell.

The inevitable bad luck of a racing season caught up with Fittipaldi two weeks later at the German Grand Prix, where he retired from second spot with a flaming gearbox, but remarkably it was only his second DNF in eight races, a convincing demonstration of the Lotus 72's newfound reliability. "The Nürburgring is still longest and hardest course of the season," he says. "They have made some safety improvements, but it's still *düster*. Now you not hit tree if you go off road, you hit guardrail—it's much nicer, heh, heh!"

Those who suspected a Fittipaldi fold in the making as a result of the failure in Germany, saw just the opposite unfold at Zeltweg, when Emerson—driving an older backup car—staved off that "nasty old man," Denny Hulme, and won his fourth Grand Prix of the year. Suddenly Fittipaldi was within three points of a lock on the championship. Stewart's chances had faded with a series of mechanical breakdowns in the new Tyrrell, and only Hulme in his orange McLaren and Belgium's Jocky Ickx, driving for Ferrari, stood a mathematical chance of overtaking the Brazilian. Each needed a victory at Monza in the Italian GP, coupled with a seventh-place finish or worse by Emerson, if they were to catch up.

Monza is the fastest course on the 12-race agenda, with a single-lap record speed of 153.49 mph going into this year's meeting, and although two new chicanes have been added to slow things down a

bit, it is still a dangerous place to go racing. Ironically, it was Monza's man-killing speed that had elevated Fittipaldi to the No. 1 car in Colin Chapman's Lotus stable. He inherited the top job on the team when Jochen Rindt died at Monza while practicing for the 1970 Italian Grand Prix. Fittipaldi himself had totaled a Lotus in a similar accident before Rindt's crash, but if memories of that tragic weekend still bothered him he did not show it during this year's race.

Ickx won the pole in his Ferrari, much to the vociferous delight of the Italian crowd, but Fittipaldi—sitting back in the third row on the grid—made like a Don Garlits dragster at the start and rode the Belgian's tailpipes as the two emerged from a blue funk of burning rubber. Ickx led for 45 of the 55 laps with Fittipaldi right behind him, and when Jacky retired with ignition trouble, the Brazilian was home free. "It was grand *avvenire*," he says now, "but I feared that if Ickx had broken on last lap for me to win, Italian crowd would have make me into Brazil-nut burger."

Actually, Fittipaldi's more likely to be reduced to that condition when he returns home later this month as Brazil's first world drivers' champion. Already the country has elevated him to heroic status right alongside another countryman with a tricky name, Edson Arantes do Nascimento, better known as Pele. (One of Fittipaldi's prized possessions is a soccer shirt that Pele wore in a championship game, and which he gave to Emerson as a good-luck charm. "Pele is my hero," Fittipaldi says with definite awe.)

Fittipaldi's own heroics are covered religiously by Brazilian television, which broadcasts via Telstar every Grand Prix race of the season. Some of the races have been reported by Emerson's father, Wilson Fittipaldi Sr., a racing journalist and broadcaster in São Paulo. Wilson, named for President Woodrow Wilson, covered Fangio's career in Europe during 1950 and later raced motorcycles on his own for two years until a bad shunt retired him from competition. But the drive to drive was still strong on both sides of the family. Emerson's mother raced a Citroën in the early 1950s, and managed a sixth-place finish in a Mercedes in one 24-hour production race. His older brother, Wilson Jr., 28, drives a Brabham in Formula 1

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competition but has yet to win any championship points.

Emerson himself—he was named for the benign Ralph Waldo—eschewed nonconformity in this racing family and began running 50-cc. bikes at the age of 15. At the same time, he "wrenched" for brother Wilson's racing go karts. Automobile racing was in a decline in Brazil during the mid-1960s, but karting was all the rage, and as soon as Emerson turned 17—the legal racing age—he was given a kart of his own. With it he immediately won the 1965 São Paulo Kart Championship. That led to and the following year in a works Renault 850 Dauphine Gordini and a lightning success in the Brazilian Group 2 Novices Saloon Car Championship.

The Brazilian racing ladder is much straighter and less cluttered than its U.S. equivalent, on the rungs of which talented young drivers often have to wait years before moving up from one class to the next. In 1966 Fittipaldi graduated to open-wheel cars—and won the national Formula V championship in his second year of competition. In 1967, driving a Karmann-Ghia with a two-liter Porsche engine, he finished second in the Grand Touring championship. The Brothers F. then built their own Porsche-powered car, the Fittipaldi GT, and although it ran super-perk in qualifying and the early part of many races, the machine suffered from serious transmission problems. By March of 1969, Emerson felt he was ready for Europe—and off he went to England with the price of a Formula Ford in his money belt. "I not speak English so good then," he recalls, "but I knew that I spoke well the driving."

Yes, well enough to win a Formula III ride in a Lotus 59, with which he promptly captured the Lombank F-III Championship and a contract with Lotus Components for a Formula II ride in 1970. When Pers Courage was killed at Zandvoort early that season in the Dutch Grand Prix, Owner Frank Williams offered Emerson a shot at the de Tomaso F-1. But Fittipaldi's first loyalty was to Lotus and, with the pressure on from Williams, Colin Chapman hired Emerson as the third driver on the varsity. By the time of Rindt's death late that season, Fittipaldi already was a top-seeded factory Grand Prix driver, and he went on to justify Lotus' hopes

for him by winning the U.S. Grand Prix that October.

"The next year—1971—was *auslosfer*," Fittipaldi recalls sadly. The Lotus 72 was designed by Englishman Maurice Phillips just before he jumped Lotus to create the highly successful Parnelli-Offenhauser that have come on so strong in this year's Indianapolis-class racing. Both cars took a while to shake out the bugs, and in the Lotus 72's case, a whole racing season was needed. Though Fittipaldi and Lotus won not a single Grand Prix during 1971, most of the team's troubles were over by late fall when Emerson won the nonchampionship British Race of Champions. Fittipaldi suffered the only serious injury of his driving career during this maddening year. Motoring with his wife down a country road in the South of France in July, he came up behind a car that pulled over onto the right shoulder as if to let him pass. Then—as the Fittipaldis flew by—the car suddenly hung a hard left toward an intersection. In the crash, Emerson broke his breastbone and three ribs on the steering wheel, and his wife Maria-Helena was badly cut up against the windshield.

"Foolishly, we had not our seat belts on," Emerson says. "Now we wear them all places, even to go shopping."

They do most of their shopping these days in Lausanne, Switzerland, where Emerson lives—or at least bases himself—for seven months of the year. "I spend the other five months in Brazil with my friends and family," he says. And while he has time for only peripheral attention to politics, he adds, "Since 1964 *coup d'etat*, is much better in Brazil." And he smiles brightly.

It is a charming smile, a truly winning smile, illuminating Fittipaldi's acne-scarred face with a naive and boyish brilliance. Looking at that smile, which already adorns thousands of T-shirts in Europe and South America over the slogan Emerson Who?, one seeks a metaphor to describe it—a Brazilian metaphor that might cover this man's sudden emergence from the Third World into the glamorous sonosphere of international road racing. In repose his face is small, dark, plain, even ugly, what with its acne pits and the prominent beak under a cascade of long, link black hair. But the smile illuminates it, a smile not just of the teeth but of the eyes as well—a shy smile, perhaps, but also a strong smile, as if Emerson Fittipaldi

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were sharing a slightly risqué joke with the world, a joke that redounds just a bit to his own discredit but a joke, nonetheless, that he feels the world must be told; perhaps the joke is that if you ever got into a car and tried to race against this slight, seemingly gentle young man in the mauve silk suit and the black tie and the dainty Gucci loafers that might well be ballet slippers for all their size, that if you tried to race this man, anywhere in the world, Third or otherwise, well, he'd simply gobble you up. . .

And, of course, that is the metaphor! The perfect Brazilian metaphor to describe this new racing star: Emerson Fittipaldi. The Sautty Piranha!

"Yes, the new government is very good, much good for country and much good for racing," Emerson continues. After all, he is a rich man's son, and now a rich man on his own. Brazil's nightwing regime would suit him. Then, too, he is a racing driver, a breed usually as conservative in politics as in life. Perhaps personal courage and a degree of insensitivity are inextricable in racing; it may be difficult to overcome the fear generated by the obvious perils of high-speed racing without an armor-plated ego, too tough to bleed for the weak and the poor.

Jackie Stewart has written of racing, or at least the "racing fever," as a disease—but then again living itself is a disease, or at least it is inevitably fatal, and who would care to be a perfectly healthy corpse? But such thinking is circular, unproductive, and anyway Emerson Fittipaldi certainly looks the picture of health, both physical and mental. He is holding the telephone after the conclusion of an interview in English. "Twelve-thirty, 11-05, 9-30," he says into the phone. "Yes, hello, airport, 9-35, thank you, Brille, good morning." He flashes that great grin he is practicing his English for future interviews.

"Yes," says Emerson, resuming a serious demeanor. "the government is very good for Brazil, very good for the automobile racing in Brazil. They build a new track at Brasilia. Next year we have first ever of Brazilian Grand Prix, full-scale championship race, points and everything."

And fittingly enough, a first ever, full-scale Brazilian champion to go with it. Emerson . . . Who? Emerson . . . Wow! Emerson the Sautty Piranha. **END**

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I love basketball. It is important for people to understand that because, as much as I believe in it, I have to leave it now. There is a sickness there. It is in basketball, and it is in sports in general.

This isn't an easy thing to say, and many people won't agree. Maybe they will say that I'm just an embittered and jealous man. But they will be wrong. There is disease anywhere when cheating and deceit are ignored. In sports today, they are often applauded. Integrity is disappearing. Contracts mean nothing, not between owner and player, or owner and fan. Players jump teams. Teams jump cities. And all the while the money flows as from a cornucopia.

To me it is reprehensible that a college player like Jim Chones should be encouraged to ignore his commitments to his teammates with less than half a season to go in order to sign a pro contract, just as it is wrong that Charlie Scott and Jim McDaniels, who both jumped from the ABA to the NBA last season, should ignore their professional commitments. The only difference between the vagrant pros and collegians is that the pros have business contracts while the collegians do not. Universities cling tenaciously to the opinion that they are not in the same marketplace for athletic bodies, but they are.

There was a time, and it was not so long ago, when things such as honor and loyalty were virtues in sport, and not objects of ridicule. It was a time when athletes drew pleasure and satisfaction from the essence of competition, not just from their paychecks. But somehow, with the introduction of big business, the concept of sports in this country has changed.

The business psyche has invaded basketball and has made the players nothing but businessmen spurred by the profit motive. In some cases players make more money with their outside financial activities than they do on the court. Their sport becomes a mere showcase to keep them before the public, like an actor's guest appearance on a television talk show. The game no longer has its roots sunk into idealistic bedrock. It's just business: nine to five. And that's very sad, because to me sports always have been a sort of quixotic-type existence.

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I have a real hang-up about big corporation spider webs. It bothers me when I see guys stepping on each other to achieve their financial goals. And now these people, wearing big boots, are in sports, manipulating them the way some people manipulate the stock market or the price of gold.

I'm going to leave all that. Maybe someday I'll be able to return, I hope so. But the way things are now, I have to get out. I've taken my wife, Joanne, and the three children and I've been accepted into the University of Iowa's

Graduate Writer's Workshop. I've had a book of poetry published, some of it about basketball. I've saved a little money and I intend to write. Much of my thinking is socialistic. I just don't care about big money. I could live a life similar to the athlete in Russia, with a steady job, and I'd be provided for and I'd know my family wouldn't starve and I'd be doing the thing that I love to do: play sports. Maybe that sounds very naive, very emotional, but it's my way of life.

People in the business world can't understand me, but that is only another

A former basketball star and coach has left the game he loves—but only, he strongly feels, after loyalty and integrity had departed it first

by TOM MESCHERY



symptoms of the problem. Money has become so much of a ceramic god to them that they think you're demoted to walk away from a job that pays a good salary. I've been called a big hippie. I'm big, but I'm not going to be a hippie. I'm a product of the 1950s and I'll never be able to change. For instance, I'll never be able to alter my concept of loyalty. To me, loyalty is important; loyalty to the team, and teamwork, means an awful lot to me. I'm not an individualist in that sense.

I was born in Harbin, China 33 years

ago. My parents were refugees from Russia who fled when the Communists took over in 1917. My father was an officer in the White Russian Army and my grandfather was a member of the Senate, and my mother was from an aristocratic family. I've learned through them and my childhood that money is meaningless. At one time my parents were part of the upper class in Russia. A few years later, after much of my family ended up in Japan, we were interned in a concentration camp for the duration of World War II. Money was of no value. People died there, rich and poor alike.

When our family emigrated to America in 1947, we settled in San Francisco and lived on the edge of the Fillmore Street ghetto. We were very poor. My father was a tanner. And finally he became a dental technician.

As a kid, I was on the fringe of being what you might call a hood. But while my buddies were getting into trouble, I was in a gym working out or down at a playground. I got into a few scrapes and was put on probation, but the point is I loved sport and, as the cliché goes, sport saved me.

I spent 11 years in pro basketball, 10 of them as an NBA player, and last season as coach of the Carolina Cougars of the American Basketball Association. As a player, I was grossly underpaid by today's standards, but I never bargained. My last year I made \$35,000. The first contract I signed was with Eddie Gottlieb, nicknamed "The Mogul," one of the founders of the National Basketball Association. He walked into my room at a college all-star game in Kansas City in 1961 and asked me how much I was worth. You do that today and the kid won't answer. His agent will, and he'll tell you his client is worth \$4 million because he led his college team in scoring, for half a year anyway. (And the owners pay it, which has to be the greatest practical joke I've ever heard.) I was ecstatic just to be asked to play. As a first-round choice I commanded a nice contract: \$12,000 a year and a \$2,000 bonus. That's not even the minimum now.

It was around 1967 or 1968 that I first began to notice the change in pro basketball. With the emergence of the ABA, the competition for the big dol-

lars started, and the old owners no longer fitted in. They were basketball men, pure and simple. Certainly they bargained over nickels and dimes, but it was understandable. They didn't have a lot of money to work with. Men like Eddie Gottlieb of the Warriors, Ben Keener of the St. Louis Hawks and Danny Biasone of Syracuse stood in the lobbies selling the tickets, rushed to their offices to count the money, then headed for the dressing rooms to pay the players' salaries. The players' demands for big money finally forced these men out, and brought in new owners who were concerned with sports only in a business sense. Now the bed is made and they're in it, players and owners together, side by side.

The players have no rapport with the owners. They know that they are simply their boss' ego objects. The owners think "I own Wilt Chamberlain. I own Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. I own. I possess. I can go to a cocktail party and talk about how these are my guys." But to Eddie and Danny and some of the others, it was different. When my father died, I was in the Army and I needed money to pay his bills. I called Eddie Gottlieb. The money was on the way that day. And he never took it out of my salary. It paid my dad's hospital bills.

Today's owners have no real commitment to sport. Now instead of paying a player for the job he can do for the team, the owners pay him for his publicity and public-relations value. Look what Madison Avenue has done with Pete Maravich: his hair goes to the right, his hair goes to the left, his hair goes in for a lay-up. He is one of the few young players whose huge contract the owners do not complain about. After all, they tell you, Pete has already attracted enough extra fans in Atlanta to more than pay his tab. What they do not tell you is that Maravich is only a good, improving ballplayer. He might eventually become a great one, but he was certainly not worth a \$1.8 million contract, particularly when the disgruntlement Pete's high salary caused among the Hawks' established players is taken into account. And if the fans go out to see an athlete put the ball behind his back when a chest pass would get the job

continued

done, then they're just as silly as the owners who pay the \$1.8 million.

Agents are another symptom of the fever that pro basketball is running. Many of them are the products of deceit, and its misdeed. Talk about double crosses! How about an agent who makes a deal with a club to deliver one of his players at a lower price if the club will pay another of his players a higher salary? It happens. How about an agent who takes a kickback from a club in return for delivering his client at a lower figure? It happens. Agents pay off college coaches, then negotiate for the coach's services—after they have been properly introduced, through the coach, of course. They lend college kids money or give them clothes, even automobiles, in return for an exclusive right to negotiate their contracts—then they charge 15%, at least, for their services. They talk kids into giving them power of attorney. The list of abuses and behind-the-back dealing goes on and on. One of the worst problems is that some agents nip their percentage right off the top of the young players' huge salaries and bonuses. Then they disappear without ever attempting to provide their clients with even the simplest sort of assistance, such as hiring lawyers to oversee the execution of those extremely complex contracts the agents were responsible for drifting in the first place.

What fans do not realize is that ultimately they are the ones who pay those inflated salaries. It is all passed down from the big people in sports and television to the little people. The consumer, a k/a the fan, just pays a little higher price in the stores, that's all. It's getting so people can't afford sports in America. There was a time when sports provided cheap entertainment for ordinary folks. Now they are becoming a plaything of the rich.

Meanwhile, with all of this emphasis on money, we are turning out dehumanized athletes, conditioning them early to strive only for those talents that ultimately will make them rich. It starts in the Little Leagues and the Pee Wee Leagues. By the time a boy reaches high school, he is all "sloganed-out." He has been programmed to believe winning is everything. But winning is far from everything. If it were, losing would be nothing. And if losing is nothing, then sports should not exist.

Young players today spend all their

time learning skills when they should be enjoying competition. We stress the learning process at the expense of absorbing simple, genuine enthusiasm. Pre-high school sports should be directed toward spontaneity, not organization. They should be directed toward lessening tension, not creating it. There is no need for high school state basketball tournaments. This may seem drastic, but at that age it seems counterproductive to arrive at an ultimate winner when we could have half a dozen winners. It is good for the young to argue the never-to-be-settled championship. And if we did away with the pressures and stresses on achieving fame and greatness at a young age, we also would do away with the professional ambitions that weigh so heavily on many of today's high school coaches.

High school coaches emphasize championships and winning, but there is a noticeable decrease in the enthusiasm of high school boys toward sports. They don't reject sports in the way people think of dropouts, but in the casual way of the young. If there is a parallel to the games of the 1970s, it can be found in the war games played by many of the sons of medieval noblemen, or the games played by the Indian children years ago. They were taught to play at war, to refine skills that would help them become formidable warriors. It appears that we have substituted sports games for war games. Our children must be physically fit—not to have fun, but to achieve excellence. To make mistakes while competing is, sadly, no longer a joking matter.

Dave Meggsey compared football to war. In a sense you could say that about all sports today. They are as serious as war. But the difference between Meggsey and myself is that I am not embittered about the game of basketball. It is the most beautiful game there is because it is the only team sport in which individual talents can express themselves in so many different ways. It is very much a ballet, and most of the current players are exquisite dancers. In fact, their technical skills may be overhoned. They put tremendous pride in their individual proficiencies, but some of them have little proclivity for the team game. One of the toughest problems coaches face today is whether they are going to have team basketball or be stuck with two or three players who dominate the

game to the exclusion of their teammates. Many players are simply not concerned about the team concept, be it in regard to their style of play or the commitment to their teammates. Most players compete today without exuberance, without even simple enthusiasm. To them, it is just a job, one they perform without any emotional involvement.

The pro basketball fan also has changed. He is more critical now. He experiences a real letdown over a loss. It is almost as if his country has failed in war. There's no reason why a fan should leave a ball game burned out, but fans have forgotten the essence of sports: that these are games to be enjoyed.

When I announced I was quitting as coach of the Cougars last spring, many people believed that the management had asked me to leave. That is wrong. I probably would have been hired by the Cougars again. But I reject the whole idea of basketball as it now exists, just as I could not allow myself to continue in something I did not believe in when I retired as a player. I could have hung on for another three or four years as a player, but that notion was very repulsive to me.

The Jim McDaniels situation influenced my decision to quit, but it was not the deciding factor. When Jim jumped the Carolina club late in the season and ultimately signed with Seattle of the NBA, I was shocked. I don't care whether he had some gripes with management. What bothers me is that there were 23 games to go and we were fighting for a playoff spot and he left the team. That is unbelievable. I couldn't understand it. But then again Jim probably cannot understand me saying this. He is a product of what I have been talking about. The owners went to him while he was in college and threw \$1.5 million in his face and he grabbed at it. They put a beautiful snow job on him and he bought it. There was no loyalty involved, only money.

The funny thing is that Seattle was willing to deal Jim back to us. They wanted out. I think they saw that Jim wasn't going to turn their team around. All that proves is that the Seattle owner, Sam Schulman, has no feelings for Jim McDaniels. He doesn't care about him as a person, only as a 7' guy who can put a basketball through a hoop. He's his trained seal. Can you imagine Jim having to go back to Carolina where

continued

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the people now despise him? He would have a nervous breakdown.

Another trouble with pro basketball is that no one wants to admit anything is wrong with it. It is a sport run behind closed doors. When I was playing and coaching, both commissioners were nothing more than cover-up men for the owners. I will be interested to see if Bob Carlson, the new ABA Commissioner, has the personal strength or the license from the owners to operate as his own man.

Certainly, in the past, league management was laughable. The area of drugs provides a good example. Everybody in the game knew for years that players were popping bennies, but no one in authority said anything until athletes started writing books about the situation. Then, suddenly, the commissioners said they were studying the problem. The funny thing is that by that time the usage of drugs had dropped considerably. In the early days of the NBA, when you had to play five games in five days—bustling on trains and small planes—you needed bennies to pep you up. But the travel situation is so much better now that you don't need the stimulants. With Carolina, if the players took pills, I never saw them do it and I wouldn't have tried to stop them if I had.

The owners are proving they are incapable of running the game. By raiding the colleges, by raiding each other's teams, by shifting their franchises, by failing to share gate receipts with their weaker members, by continually expanding only to acquire more money to meet the cost of fighting among themselves — by doing all of this, the owners are showing they cannot govern their sport. The only alternative is an impartial board, or a national sports commission, to run professional athletics.

It is possible that basketball never again can have the ideals it once did—or perhaps the cynics are right and never had ideals and I just dreamed it dead. I'm not certain. Of this I am certain: there is a disease in sports now. Especially basketball. Basketball is going to have to change, and I think it can. Just as it evolved to the stage it is now, I think it can go back to the basics again. I hope I'll be around to see it. In the meantime, I'm looking forward to going to Iowa and walking into a gym and picking up a basketball and using it just for fun again.

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PEOPLE

♦ Is this the shape of things to come? The Granna soccer team of Sweden had a most successful season in 1971 and was expecting an even better one this year, when the crime midfield got pregnant knocking the team out of title contention. Here they are. Britt Marie Andersson, Siv Gremell, Anna Carin Svard and Ann-Katrin Hallstrand—and somewhere out there in cliché-land is a coach who is going to say, "Sometimes you lose a mid-field, sometimes you gain one."

The University of Alabama has a football player on its roster, Bob Holmes, who is rather rectangular in shape and runs the 40 in approximately 28 seconds. He is called, naturally, "Mobile" Holmes.

Bad enough in this age of sky parades that track and football officials are unable to fly to events with their pistols. Now the air carriers get a case of the flutters when this nice woman carrying two bows and a quiver full



of arrows tries to board their planes. She is Olympic archery champion Doreen Wilber, a 42-year-old housewife from Jefferson, Iowa, and she has to park her arrows in a locked luggage compartment. We can hear the best now. "I'm Maid Marian. Fly me to Sherwood Forest."

On what might be considered by some the wrong side of the camera, Swedish Actress Mai Zetterling filmed the weight-lifting portion of the Olympics, which she found "both absurd and fascinating. It is not certain the weight lifters will like it," Miss Zetterling admits. "I'm not the least interested in sports or weight lifting. I'm interested in obsessions."

Tap-dancing Movie Actress Ann Miller has little choice about how to keep fit. It has to be golf. "I have a whole closet full of clubs," she says. "I've been married three times and it seems that with every divorce, he gets the club membership and I get the clubs."

♦ In a first which he hopes will be a last, Jackie Stewart drove his wife Helen around France's Richard-Casselle Circuit in a Capri at race speed. "She insisted

on speed despite wet conditions, and got it—130 miles an hour," Stewart says. "Now she wants to go round in a 190-mile-an-hour sports car. I hope it stops at that."

Pete Maravich, who used to possess no defensive skills, has one now—karate. "It wasn't much fun learning," Maravich says, "but there are a lot of things that can be applied to basketball." Oh.

Stanford Athletic Director Joe Ruetz, embroiled in controversy with genuine Indians over the racial implications of the school's nickname, can take comfort. What must be the most demagogic of all such names goes back to 1910 and Yuma (Ariz.) High School, then housed atop the main building of Yuma Prison. Its teams are known as the Yuma Criminals.

Mayor Geoffrey Dobson of Cleckheaton, England has agreed to open a nudist swimming tournament by throwing in the first body, his own, and naked, too. "I would rather swim in the nude for these people than open a cinema showing sex films," Mayor Dobson said, which may explain why he did

not show up for the Hippie Sex Olympics, three days of nude athletic events sponsored by the Church of Aphrodite. The C of A predicted a million participants at the Great Park near Windsor Castle. Six hundred policemen were assigned to, uh, cover the event, which they did amply, far outnumbering the athletes.

When Sprinter Ray Robinson—disqualified from the Olympic 100-meter dash for showing up late for his heat—returned to his hometown of Lakeland, Fla., a press conference was scheduled. Robinson was five minutes late.

The best matchup in the New Year's Day bowl games is already assured. John Wayne will be grand marshal of the Rose Bowl parade. Also attending will be Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke. Somewhere, sometime, someone is going to have to introduce Wayne Duke to Duke Wayne.

Groover Cleveland Broadcaster Mike Kelly has become the leading jockey on the continent's biggest disc. Up on the 13-story-high Ferns wheel at Cedar Point, Ohio amusement park, Kelly spun for 21 days, three hours and 58 minutes—11,000 revolutions in all—easily surpassing the old track record set by Pogo Page of Honolulu.

Intending to watch only the Indianapolis Indians, visiting Cincinnati Red Scouting Director Joe Bowen was also treated to a game between Republicans from the city-county building and the statehouse. Impeached, he wrote to the local county chairman: "I saw things I've never seen on any baseball diamond before. Your boys had moves rarely seen these days." Through some kind of oversight, no doubt, Bowen made no mention of signing the boys.



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When it comes to winning, he's the most

Those who think Bear Bryant has more victories than any other active coach can think again. The top man is Warren Woodson of Trinity University in Texas, who won his first game in 1927 and his 241st last week

He looks younger than 69, with the sunken face, hard eyes and soft drawl one would expect of a tough Texan who has spent countless afternoons on hot practice fields in towns like Texarkana, Abilene, Tucson and Las Cruces. Dry, dusty places full of gunfighters' ghosts and blue-jointed boys with initials for first names. He went north long ago and studied the T formation under Knute Rockne. Maybe what has preserved him so well is more than 37 seasons of total immersion in his sport. His name is Warren Brooks Woodson and he has more wins than any coach in college football.

Hey, says somebody in Tuscaloosa, time out. Surely Bear Bryant of Alabama, with 212, must have more. Nope, it's Woodson. Head man at Trinity U., the little Presbyterian school in San Antonio that is better known for tennis. When the Trinity Tigers beat Southwestern Louisiana 13-10 last Saturday night, it was Woodson's 241st victory. Only 73 more and he'll be tied with the late Armas Alonzo Stagg.

However, winning football games for

Trinity is not easy. Big schools like Ohio State and Oklahoma have special coaches for left halfbacks, coaches for pom-pom girls and coaches for coaches—even Southwestern Louisiana has a six-man staff—but Woodson has to get by with one full-time assistant. That man is usually away on scouting trips, so Woodson must handle most games with the aid of two graduate students. Nobody mans the press-box phones.

"He is going to run things his way anyway," says a friend who knows Woodson's stubborn manner. "So there is no need to have anybody else around."

Even Woodson needs good athletes, though, and not many find their way to Trinity. The university, tired of losing \$200,000 a year on football, has abolished athletic grants-in-aid except in tennis. There are still 42 players on scholarship, but when they finish their eligibility Woodson might have to limit his recruiting to walking along the registration line each fall looking for muscles.

San Antonio's interest in Trinity football is practically nonexistent. Crowds

seldom exceed 3,000 and the two local sports editors understandably prefer to travel 80 miles up to Austin to cover the Texas Longhorns. One of them, in his weekly gridiron predictions, tabbed Trinity to win last weekend—over the wrong opponent. The school hand has seldom numbered more than 15 or 20 and this year there were not enough musicians available to have a band.

So, struggling for support and victories in the backwaters of Texas, Woodson has come full circle. His career began at Texarkana JC in 1927, when Durrell Royal was three years old, and in eight seasons he compiled a 52-21-6 record. Then he moved on to Arkansas State Teachers (Conway) (40-8-3), Hardin-Simmons (58-24-6), Arizona (26-22-2) and New Mexico State (63-36-3).

The first time Hardin-Simmons ever beat a Southwest Conference team, 13-6 over Baylor in 1942, Woodson was the coach. He was the mastermind when Arizona, a two-touchdown underdog, beat Arizona State 35-0 and allowed ASU to cross midfield only once. And it was he who directed New Mexico State to its first win over New Mexico in 22 years. All the while he annoyed opposing coaches still more by calmly taking a 30-minute nap each game day.

Perhaps that oft-repeated feat was what got him in the Helms College Football Hall of Fame, but more likely he was voted the honor as a result of his 1954 speech to the downtown Tucson booster club. He told the members to shut up, mind their own business and let him run the team. They responded with a standing ovation.

During those years there was always a kid with a catchy name who popped out from behind a cactus somewhere in the Southwest and led the nation in some statistic or other. Their exploits are sprinkled all over the NCAA record book and it seems as though everyone of them played for Woodson, as if he could conjure them up in his game-day dreams. John (Model T) Ford of Hardin-Sim-



WOODSON EXPLAINS AS ONLY HE CAN, FOR HE IS THE ONLY ONE THERE TO EXPLAIN

mons led the nation in passing offense. At the same school Rudolph (Doc) Mobley, only 5' 8", 155 pounds, twice led the nation in rushing and never fumbled in a play from scrimmage. There were Art Luppino at Arizona and Peris Atkins, Bob Garters and Jim (Preacher) Pilot at New Mexico State.

Woodson developed a reputation as an offensive wizard and/or glutton because of such games as New Mexico State's 90-0 annihilation of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff.

"You get interested in a game and don't notice the score," he said.

Woodson was content at New Mexico State. The Las Cruces Laundry was contributing \$1,500 a year to his program, he was whipping New Mexico regularly and the entrance requirements were not high. But in February 1968, when he reached 65, the school president forced him to retire, despite his complaints that "I'm too young to quit coaching."

Trinity hired him as athletic director and two years ago he also took over the football team. Assistant Gene Offield had the title of head coach, but it was merely a ploy so that Woodson could pay him more money. Trinity's 13 wins in those two seasons did not go on Woodson's record, but he was doing what he loved to do and doing it as well as ever. Last season Trinity had an 8-2 record and tied for the Southland Conference championship.

But midway through the successful season the board of trustees voted unanimously to de-emphasize. Several San Antonio businessmen volunteered to dig up money for grants if the new plan was voided, but University President Dr. Duncan Wimpress refused. Then came one of the strangest manifestations of de-emphasis ever: the school put the hate on local millionaire E. M. Stevens for a new \$100,000 football stadium which, of course, has his name painted in big letters on the scoreboard and both sides of the press box. E. M. Stevens Stadium seats 6,272 and it is unlikely to be strained very often. Fewer than a thousand fans turned out for Saturday night's game, while a few miles away 8,000 braved a drizzle to watch a high school contest.

"It is up to me to carry it on as well as I can," says Woodson. "This is all new to me. I'm interested in learning how it will turn out." In the meantime

he is doing what he loves most, doodling with plays on pieces of paper and losing himself in the rectangular world bound by chalked lines.

A Trinity fan walked into Woodson's office one day before last week's game and found him talking with his quarterback, Charlie Bump.

"Hi, Charlie," said the fan. "How's it going?"

"Fine," said Bump.

"What do you mean, fine?" growled Woodson. "We lost a football game Saturday night."

"Well, everything's fine but football."

"What else is there but football?" asked Woodson.

THE WEEK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (1-0)
2. ARKANSAS (1-1)
3. RICE (2-0)

It was a good week for the Southwest Conference with all but one of the league's eight teams coming out on top. Most of them roamed elsewhere in the country, but Arkansas and Texas stayed at home. At Little Rock the Razorbacks barely nipped Oklahoma State 24-23 when the OSU placekicker, Eddie Garrett, missed an extra-point kick with 6:23 to play. The Cowboys moved out in front 10-0 on a 40-yard field goal by Garrett and a 40-yard fake-punt touchdown run by Halfback Alfred Niles. Quarterback Joe Ferguson finally got Arkansas in front 17-10 by directing drives of 72, 70 and 65 yards. Later the Razorbacks led 24-17 when OSU scored on a 36-yard Brent Blackman to Reuben Giant pass. But Garrett's attempt to tie the game hit the goalpost.

Texas had trouble with a slippery ball, but still vanquished Miami 23-10 in its season opener on a rainy night in Austin. Alan Lowry, the defensive back who has been shifted this year to quarterback, had a good statistical game for the Longhorns, hitting eight of 13 passes for 182 yards, but under his control the offense looked sloppy and uneven. Sophomore Billy (Sure) Schott kicked three Longhorn field goals and Lorne Bennett scored one touchdown for Texas on a 40-yard run in the first quarter. But Coach Darrell Royal was not impressed.

"I'm really concerned with what kind of football team we're going to have," he said. "We did not play a poised game." At Houston, Rice won its second straight, beating Clemson 29-10.

SOUTH

1. LSU (2-0)
2. ALABAMA (2-0)
3. TENNESSEE (3-0)

The LSU Tigers have begun to snarl. After an unimpressive opening against Pacific and a stumbling first half against Texas A&M, they suddenly sprang to life during the second half of the Aggie game and went on to win handily, 42-17. A&M dominated the first half, though trailing 14-10, with a Wishbone attack that LSU could not solve and relied up 193 yards. In the second half, however, the Wishbone snapped. End Benks Mucitro, with 11 tackles and a recovered fumble during the game, led a defense that sent the Aggie ground game spinning off in the wrong direction and bottled up the passing attack of Quarterback Les James as well. Aggie runners lost a total of 26 yards after intermission and their team's passing barely made up that ground. Meanwhile, LSU received the second-half kickoff and marched 80 yards to a score, and then notched another quick score when Cornerback Norm Hodgins picked off a James pass and ran it into the end zone from 45 yards out. LSU's brace of quarterbacks shared offensive honors. Bert Jones completed 10 of 17 passes for 121 yards and three touchdowns. Paul Lyons, who specializes in a running game, had three completions in five attempts and scored a touchdown on a four-yard keeper.

Tennessee won its 10th straight game by overwhelming Wake Forest at Knoxville 45-6. Condredge Holloway and Gary Valbuena alternated effectively at quarterback, with Valbuena, a junior-college transfer, showing three touchdown passes and Holloway clicking on one scoring pass and running in for another touchdown from 29 yards out.

Early in the week Alabama Coach Bear Bryant tried to stir up interest in his team's game with Kentucky at Birmingham by casting forth warnings that the Wildcats were "a sleeping giant." Bryant was right on only one count: The Tide poured 65 players into the game, but even the nose of all those tramping cleats did not arouse Kentucky, which lost 35-0. Alabama Fullback Steve Bisceglia scored on a nine-yard run and again on a short pass from Quarterback Terry Davis. Davis passed for one more touchdown and ran for one himself, but two sophomore re-

—Continued

serves, Quarterback Gary Rutledge and Halfback Ralph Stokes, produced the game's most exciting play, a 48-yard touchdown pass. "We're coming," said Bisergha of his team's solid show of strength. "We're getting better."

Tulane continued in its role of spoiler. In its opener it had defeated favored Boston College. Last week Georgia sunk beneath the Green Wave, losing 24-13. Tulane's specialty teams were the most effective agent in dragging the Bulldogs under. Quarterback Randy Lee averaged 45.3 yards on seven tries and the coverage field Georgia's elusive return specialist, Bury Rosenberg, got 16 yards on four catches. Tulane came up with a neat punt return of its own when George Ewing gathered one in on his own 43-yard line in the third quarter, ran left until bumping into one of his blockers, spun back to the right and straight down the sideline to score. For Rosenberg, a cornerback on defense, it was a frustrating 60 minutes. He was victimized on a 17-yard scoring play by freshman Receiver Jamie Garza, who spun him off balance with a dazzling head fake, caught a pass from Mike Walker and put Tulane ahead 17-7 in the second quarter. "Was that guy a freshman?" asked Rosenberg later. "You got to be kidding."

Against Virginia Tech at Tallahassee, Florida State passing whiz Gary Huff missed on his first four tries, then was knocked senseless gaining nine yards on a running play. After a short spell on the bench to clear his head, he came back to hit 19 of his next 33 passes, good for one touchdown and 233 yards, and guided the Seminoles to a 25-12 victory. Gobbler Quarterback Don Strock flooded the air with passes in a vain try to keep VPI in the game, completing 22 of 48 for 276 yards, but could not offset the more balanced offensive zip shown by Huff. Receiver Barry Smith, who caught 10 passes for 146 yards, and Running Back Hodges Mitchell, who chummed out 138 yards on 27 carries.

In other games, Stanford paid a cross-continental visit to Duke and returned home with a 10-6 win set up by Reserve Quarterback Mike Boryla, who came in during the third quarter and quickly hit End Bill Scott with a 12-yard scoring pass. The rest of the game was a contest to see which team could fumble the ball away most often. Duke twice blowing touchdown chances in the closing minutes. North Carolina held off North Carolina State in a woolly one 34-33 when State missed a two-point conversion pass after scoring a touchdown with 10 seconds left on a leaping catch by Pat Kenney of a 32-yard pass from Bruce Shaw. West Virginia routed Virginia at Charlottesville 48-10 with the help of four touchdown passes by Quarterback Bernie Gallia, and Auburn looked something less than prepared to meet Tennessee this weekend

while edging out Chattanooga 14-7. "Now that it's over I think it will be damn good for us," said Auburn Coach Shug Jordan. "The players should be very attentive from now on."

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (2-0)
2. OHIO STATE (1-0)
3. COLORADO (3-0)

Three unfriendly visitors from the West, USC, Colorado and Washington, invaded Big Ten country last week and all three went home with scalp. At Champaign, USC stumbled through the first half of its game with Illinois, then turned on some juice to win easily, 55-20. "We didn't really play very well and I don't know why," said Trojan Coach John McKay. "We were slow on defense and unimposed on offense." Illinois went ahead 7-0 and 14-7 early in the first half on short touchdown runs by Bob Hayes and George Uremovich, but USC tied the game and then went ahead 21-14 just before intermission when Coach McKay's son, Wide Receiver John McKay, grabbed a 31-yard pass from Quarterback Mike Rae in the corner of the end zone. A stern lecture by the coach at halftime seemed to have an inspirational effect on the Trojans, but more inspirational may have been Illinois' front-eight stunting defense, which left only three defensive backs to go man-to-man against the slippery USC receivers. USC quarterback Rae and Pat Haden completed 14 of 20 passes for 346 yards and three touchdowns. "We never quit, but we felt like we were trying to hold back a flood all day," summarized losing Coach Bob Blackburn.

While its Big Eight rivals Oklahoma and Nebraska were running up huge scores, Colorado was in Minneapolis posting a relatively modest 38-6 victory over Minnesota. The Gophers, in an attempt to recall their great Golden Gopher image of 1934-41, have donned gold jerseys this year and in the first quarter even looked golden, moving to six first downs. The resemblance ended right there. End Bill Donnell recovered a Minnesota fumble on the Colorado 48 and five plays later Buffalo Tailback Charlie Davis scored on a three-yard plunge to trigger a 24-point Colorado second quarter. Davis achieved his sixth consecutive 100-yard rushing game with 119 yards on only 15 carries and scored twice. Quarterback Ken Johnson got touchdowns on two short keepers as Colorado gained a total of 352 yards on the ground and might have rolled up an even more impressive score if Coach Eddie Crowder had not used his reserves for most of the second half.

At Lafayette, Ind., the Washington Huskies proved once again they have a hex on Purdue, beating the Boilermakers for the second straight year with spectacular last-ditch heroics. Last year in Seattle it was a 33-yard touchdown pass by Quarterback Sonny Sexkiller with 2:33 left that lifted Washington to a 38-35 win. This year it was a 25-yard field goal by Steve Wieczkowski with 2:04 remaining that brought a 22-21 victory. Purdue roared through the first half as if determined to put the game completely out of reach. Quarterback Gary Denmark was as elusive as a ghost, gaining 209 yards on nine carries as Purdue marched 86, 80 and 80 yards for touchdowns. Then, on the third play of the third quarter, the momentum switched to Washington. Denmark, who completed only one of nine passes, was intercepted by Washington Linebacker Bob Ferguson. It was the first of three costly turnovers Purdue was to make. Washington scored after the interception on a four-play, 36-yard march, then scored twice more in the fourth quarter on short drives of 48 and 34 yards following Purdue fumbles, but failed on two Soakiller passing tries for two-point conversions. The Cherokee quarterback more than made up for these lapses, however. Starting from his own 15, he completed three passes for 64 yards, taking the Huskies to the Purdue 10 and setting up Wieczkowski's winning kick.

At Madison the Badgers of Wisconsin had an easy 31-7 time with Syracuse, recovering seven of the Orangemen's 10 fumbles and getting a 153-yard rushing performance from Rufus (Roadrunner) Ferguson, their 5' 6", 195-pound tailback. In other games, however, the Big Ten drew a blank. At East Lansing, Georgia Tech Quarterback Eddie McAshan tossed bombs over Michigan State's virtual nine-man defensive line and the Yellow Jackets won 21-16. McAshan completed 16 of his 26 passes, including touchdown strikes of 77 yards—on Tech's first play from scrimmage—and 36 yards to Jim Robinson. "They shocked us on the first play and we stayed in a state of shock all day," said Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty.

Note Dame, its offensive line blocking with explosive quickness, ran up a 30-0 half-time lead at Evanston against Northwestern and coasted home 37-0. Irish Coach Ann Paraghiann used five quarterbacks and 12 different ballcarriers as he swept his bench clean in the second half. At Bloomington, Indiana dropped a close one to TCU 31-28 as the Hoored Frogs showed a strong running game, including a 72-yard scoring gallop by Halfback Mike Luttrell.

At Columbia, the Baylor Bears upset Missouri 27-0 when sophomore Quarterback Neal Jeffrey threw for one touchdown, scored another and completed seven of 11 passes.

WEST

1. USC (3-0)
2. ARIZONA STATE (2-0)
3. WASHINGTON (3-0)

The UCLA-Michigan matchup at the Los Angeles Coliseum might well have been the next glittering chapter in the life of young Mark Thomas Harmon, UCLA quarterback and son of Michigan All-America Tom Harmon. But on the second play from scrimmage the script came up with a surprise twist. Or slump. Harmon was whacked on the head by a knee while running an option play and spent the rest of the night on the bench with flared nostrils and a fierce headache as his team lost to the Wolverines 26-9. Without Harmon's deft ball handling, fakes and sharp passing, the Bruins' Wishbone T lacked snap. It was no match for Michigan's ball-control game, which at the first half ground out scoring drives of 74 and 60 yards that consumed 11:35 minutes and put the game out of UCLA's reach. Michigan was able to run off 83 plays to its opponents' 56. Fullback Ed Skuttenworth was the prime mover, with 116 yards gained on 24 thrusts, but the Wolverines' crop of seven running backs averaged 4.9 yards gained per whack. "Everything I feared could happen, did," moaned losing Coach Pepper Rodgers.

In Tempe, Arizona State ran up a 42-7 halftime lead against Kansas State and with Coach Frank Kush getting a good look at his bench strength in the second half, went on to win 56-14 before its eighth straight home sellout, a crowd of 50,682. Junior Quarterback Dan White put on a crisp passing exhibition to please the home folks, hitting on 15 of 21 for 230 yards, and the Sun Devils picked up 31 first downs on their way to an offensive total of 560 yards.

The Air Force Academy was slow on the takeoff against Pitt, but turned a narrow 13-7 halftime lead into a 41-13 shellacking. Tailback Joel Carlson, a reserve quarterback last year, has now found his niche. He had his second straight 100-plus game, gaining 134 yards on 30 carries.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (1-1)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (3-0)
3. NAVY (1-1)

Nebraska, working feverishly to regain top national ranking, slaughtered a brave old Army team 77-7 before a thoroughly appalled but impressed crowd of 42,239 at West Point. It was the worst rout suffered

by the Cadets in the team's 82-year history. Nebraska's sophomore Quarterback David Humm picked apart the sluggish Army defense with his sharp passing, completing 14 of 18 for 160 yards before going way to a series of eager replacements. Most of Nebraska's 50-man traveling squad did not leave the bench, however, until the score had mounted to 56-0. Shifty Slotback Johnny Rodgers scored three times on a short run and pass receptions of 26 and five yards, but not all of his moves were good. He lost two fumbles. Led by Middle Guard Rick Givner and End Willie Harper, the Nebraska defense squelched the Army running game so completely that it ended up with a meager 12-yard total. Presumably shattered is the optimism that had been generated on the banks of the Hudson by three straight wins at the finish of last season. "I don't feel sorry," said Rodgers when the scoring derby had ended. "We have to prove we are as good as last year."

Navy enjoyed a far happier afternoon than its service academy brother, though it lost to Penn State 21-10. "This is the best Navy

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEMAN: Penn State's 6' 2", 210-pound senior Linembacker John Skorupen, who, in addition to his key touchdown runback of an intercepted pass, also made 15 unassisted tackles and sacked Navy's quarterback three times.

THE BACK: Boston College Running Back Phil Bennett, a junior, who broke a school record that had stood since 1949 when he rushed for 253 yards, including touchdowns of eight, 44 and one yard, in a 49-27 win over Temple.

team since the Roger Staubach days," said winning Coach Joe Paterno. Navy held the ball 65', of the first half and led at halftime 3-0. Penn State could not generate an offense until the third quarter when Quarterback John Hufnagel hit on seven of nine passes to key scoring marches of 89 and 60 yards. The Nittany Lions did not put the game out of reach until—with only 1:18 left on the clock—Linembacker John Skorupen intercepted a Navy pass and ran it back 32 yards for a touchdown. Despite the loss, Navy Coach Rick Forzano looks to a rosy future. "We're getting the good kids again," he said.

Most of the lives do not start until this weekend, but in Providence Brown opened its season with a 30-24 loss to Holy Cross. The Crusaders won the game on a fourth-quarter touchdown run of 35 yards by Steve Buchanan and then stopped a final Brown surge by intercepting a pass on their own 12 as the game ended. Boston College rebounded from its opening 10-0 loss to Tulane and belted Temple 49-27.

END

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CHARGER COACH HARLAND SVARE HAS A SMILE AS HIS NEW FACES OF 1973 WORK OUT

The Dirty Dozen cleanup

After six straight third-place finishes, San Diego went on a trading binge. It took one game for everybody but Duane to get acquainted

The San Diego Chargers, an unlikely mixture of alleged misfits and malcontents, are tied for first place in the AFC West. That is gliding the lily a little, since .500 is the first-place record now, but first place under any circumstances is as strange to the Chargers as many of their players.

The classic way to build a first-place team is to consult a computer and draft cleverly for many years. Instead, Harland Svare, the young San Diego coach, has welcomed with open arms the disgruntled but capable veterans of other clubs, and then coaxed them into a state of euphoria. Building for the future this way took a week. In the Chargers' opener against San Francisco, Svare's Dirty Dozen veteran newcomers had not yet meshed. At home against Denver last Sunday, they had.

In the course of destroying the Broncos' 37-14 rebuilt defensive line sacked Denver quarterbacks five times and the trade winds blew so strongly in the face of the Denver passing attack that the Chargers intercepted six times.

Svare, an unflappable Norwegian who even can accept philosophically his nickname of Swede, came to the Chargers as general manager last year after 16 seasons as a player and coach in the NFL. When perennial Charger Magordomo Sid Gillman resigned as coach after the 10th game with the club 4-6 and headed inexorably for its sixth straight third-place finish, Svare took over the coaching portfolio, too. In the four games under Svare, the Chargers managed to break even, but one of the victories was a 30-14 beating of Minnesota.

"When Gene Klein [the Charger owner] and I were screening candidates for head coach," Svare said last week, "we were looking for someone to put into effect the major changes I thought we had to make. We couldn't get out of that third-place rut with small adjustments. We had to make major shifts, especially on defense. I didn't say anything to Gene, but I knew that no one would be able to execute my ideas as well as I could. When he finally did suggest I stay on as head coach, I was ready.

I didn't like being general manager. You're too far from the action."

Coach Svare promptly initiated the biggest trading splurge in pro football history, topping even the legendary George Allen of Washington. He made 21 deals before the trading deadline ended, and he has continued to turn over his team. John Mackey, the defuncted tight end of the Baltimore Colts, constitutes his most recent acquisition. "I didn't set out to compete with George," Svare says. "I don't have the same trading philosophy he has, anyway. Most of the players I got are younger than the ones he traded for, and the only draft choices I don't have for 1973 are two, four and eight, and I think I've got a couple of threes to compensate for that."

The defensive line of the Chargers represents, as much as any segment of the team, the kind of players Svare wants. Only one of the four starters from 1971—Tackle Ron East—has retained his position, while three veterans, each of whom had found his previous pro coach too collegiate for his taste, have joined him. The redoubtable Deacon Jones came over from the Rams to play one end, Lionel Aldridge was acquired from the Packers to play the other and Dave Costa, a refugee from Denver, works the tackle spot next to Aldridge.

Since all three came to the Chargers with the reputation of being troublemakers, Jones promptly dubbed the Chargers' defensive line "Harland's Hoodlums," a tag they all savor. "That's a good name," says Costa, who was raised in New York. "When I was a kid, though, my crowd was actually pretty conservative. We only stole things beginning with 'a.' You know, a radio, a bicycle, a hubcap."

A square, balding, cheerful man, Costa had asked the new Denver coach, John Ralston, to trade him. "I've played pro football for 10 years," he says. "I think I know my job pretty well. And the first thing Ralston did was tell me to change my stance. I did pretty well with the old stance and here is this college coach telling me how to play tackle."

Costa managed to down opposing quarterbacks six times and make 41 tackles in 1971 plus harassing the quarterback—rushing him into throwing the ball prematurely—39 times. He was Denver's

continued



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defensive captain in each of the five years he played for the Broncos, and was also the team's player representative, which makes him one of five ex-representatives now with the Chargers.

"A lot of people have had something to say about the guys we've picked up," Sware says, "but I'll tell you—they're winners and they're leaders."

This did not help much in the season's opener, when San Francisco clobbered San Diego 34-3, but the Chargers shook the loss off quickly. "We get better every week," Aldridge says. "It takes a while to learn how to play next to somebody new. Dave's a fine tackle, one of the best, but it was only in the 49er game that we began to know each other's moves without thinking about it. Dave knows now that I play it tough to the inside, so he can move over a little to his left, and when I see him cheat to the left I move to the inside instinctively."

Jones, an enormously powerful man with sleepy eyes, grinned and nodded. "We're getting to know each other," he says. "That's the big thing. I got a lot of confidence in myself, and in Los Angeles [Coach Tommy] Prothro was taking it away from me by not letting me do things my way. I'm in my prime now. I talked with Sware when I was traded, and he told me he wants to win again. I think we got a good chance. This man has done his homework."

"Sware gives you more freedom, and I like that," Costa adds. "I've always had to play read and go—read the keys and go to where it's happening. The philosophy here is to play go and read. I made a tackle in the backfield against the 49ers, and that's the first time I've done that on a running play in 10 years."

No defense has yet been devised that can read the keys to the most controversial and most elusive new Charger, Duane Thomas. Obtained from Dallas for two very good players—Running Back Mike Montgomery and Wide Receiver Billy Parks—Thomas made only three fleeting visits to the Chargers before he materialized for the fourth time last Tuesday at practice. He wore an unnumbered helmet, a blue Charger warm-up jacket and gray sweat pants over old-fashioned hightop football shoes. "I didn't even know he was there," said Mike Garrett, a running back who is probably as good as Thomas thinks Thomas is. "I was catching punts and looked up and there he was. I threw him

the ball and ran back to the huddle."

Thomas stood by himself, tossing the ball in the air and catching it. Then he lined up and went down under a few punts, not talking to anyone. When the practice ended, he stayed late and ran through plays with John Hadl, the quarterback, and Ron Waller, coach of the special teams. Then he listened carefully as Hadl and Waller explained the Charger terminology. He spoke rarely, and his face, as always, was passive.

When they quit after 45 minutes, Thomas walked toward a small bus that would take him back to the Charger dressing rooms in the stadium. Someone asked him if he had come to play.

"Yes."

"Are you in condition?"

"I'm always in condition."

"Why did you want 30 days to report?"

"What do you think?"

He refused to answer any more questions and boarded the bus, sitting quietly and not speaking to the other players. The next morning he failed to appear at a team meeting. Later, however, he hitchhiked to the Charger offices and had a brief interview with Sware, at which he tried to discuss his contract, although a couple of weeks before he had failed to keep two appointments with Owner Klein to go over exactly that issue. "That's not my job," Sware told Thomas Wednesday. "I don't talk contract with anyone."

"Maybe I better go back to Dallas," Thomas said.

"Go ahead," said Sware.

Sware was uncharacteristically perturbed when he went to practice. "I've got a club to worry about," he said. "Thomas can do what he wants. I've had it. I thought he wanted to play." Thomas had given that impression in a rare interview that he granted to Jerry Gross, sports director of KFKB, Tuesday afternoon.

When Gross asked what goals Thomas had as a player for the Chargers, he answered: "The ultimate. Super Bowl."

"What kind of club do you think the Chargers have?"

"Well, now they have the best in the world."

"With Duane Thomas?"

"That's another way of saying it."

"No regrets about coming in late?"

"Well, regrets are the beginning of something new."

Whatever regrets may be, Thomas apparently had some more. On Wednesday, though it was supposed that he had returned to Dallas, he actually spent the day hiked up in Room 252 of the Master Hosts Inn, adjacent to the golf course where the Chargers work out. On Thursday he went to the airport and stayed there six hours. Then he left the airport and went to Palm Springs, where he talked for four hours with Klein. The meeting was amicable enough, but Thomas promptly disappeared again until he was finally located back home in Dallas. "I needed a change of clothes and a shower," he explained.

Maybe the Chargers do not need him that much. Garrett ran well against Denver, picking up 104 yards in 21 carries, one a marvelous 41-yard dash on a trap play for a touchdown.

At the end of Thomas' brief TV interview, Gross had asked him if he had anything to say to the Charger fans. Thomas mulled that over for a while, then said softly, "Hello."

The Chargers—and the Dirty Dozen—look like they will survive if he stays. "Goodbye."

END



DUANE THOMAS: NOW YOU SEE HIM . . .

This Strike Out went swish in the Jug

He did not cost much and he was not the favorite, but the son of Bret Hanover broke his old man's record and left the field chewing Delaware dust as he won the Little Brown Jug with two brilliant dashes

It was to have been, yes, a horse race, last week's 27th Little Brown Jug, but it didn't turn out that way. It didn't because a 3-year-old colt with what his owners call "pigeon toes" failed to live up to his name, which is Strike Out, and lived up to his breeding instead. He won the Jug in two straight heats, easily, covering the second in 1:56¹/₂, a world record for 3-year-olds on a half-mile track. He kept it in the family, too, the former record holder was Bret Hanover, Strike Out's father. But it was that kind of day at the Jug, pairing's classic race and the second leg of its triple crown. Coincidence prevailed, with dashes of irony, drama and heart-break thrown in. For example, the second horse in Strike Out's record heat was Fast Clip, whose driver, Bruce Nickells, had spent two months last winter training Strike Out. And there was Jay

Time, the pre-race favorite, from nearby Columbus, Ohio, who had finished in a dead heat with Strike Out at the Adios last Aug. 12.

Strike Out drew the rail position for the first heat but Jay Time was in the No. 2 slot, and the potential for drama was not lost on the largest crowd (43,578) ever to watch the Jug. Jay Time went out fast. He had a slight lead on Strike Out at the quarter, in 27 seconds—a record, the track announcer said—but he was on the outside, Strike Out would not let him pass to gain the rail, and harness races are rarely won by horses forced to take the long way home at speeds like this. Suddenly Jay Time began to fade, and fade so badly that he finished last, 37 lengths behind the winner. His owner, Carl Baas, had that morning told friends, "I've never been this close to glory." Now his driver, Gene Riegler, scratched Jay Time from any remaining heats, explaining his horse had developed a high fever and that he had had a virus only five days earlier. "He was really wobbling at the end," he said, "but even at the quarter I saw he wasn't right."

That evening some of Strike Out's people pondered Jay Time's performance, and John Hayes, the winner's aerobic trainer and co-owner, said, "All horses have high temperatures after a tough race in hot weather. I think that 27-second quarter is what finished him off. He had nothing left, and they just didn't want him to be humiliated again."

If Jay Time was fevered, Strike Out was simply hot. Except for a moment during Jay Time's early bid, Strike Out had his nose in front all day. As Hayes said: "He played a game of catch-me-if-you-can and no one even came close. There was no other horse to help him either: he didn't have a rabbit, he did it all by himself."

In the first heat, won an 1:58¹/₂, Strike Out finished three-quarters of a length in front of Good Bye Columbus. In the record-breaking second, he was a

breazy 1¹/₄ lengths ahead of Fast Clip.

Understandably, Hayes ended the day full of superlatives, both for Strike Out and his driver, a 48-year-old Canadian, Keith Waples. Hayes kept saying, "This guy is Herve Filson's idol," which may account for Waples' heavy dose of modesty. The Jug was the biggest win of his career, but after the race, with reporters following him everywhere, Waples said things like, "I was pleased with the results of the second heat," and, switching to Strike Out, "He's the best young pacer who's ever been around."

At which point Hayes would take over. "Do you know Keith Waples is the Eddie Arcaro of harness racing? He can think on the move, and only athletes like Jimmy Brown or Bobby Orr can do that. Keith never has to look around; he knows what's coming up behind him, and with all due respect to other drivers, hour for hour, track for track, night after night, there isn't a man alive who can drive a horse better than Keith Waples."

In his exuberance, Hayes might also have planted a kiss on the clay-sand surface of the Delaware County Fairground track. Superintendent Curly Smart and his men do not maintain the track, they caress it. If an official tiptoes across it, a man with a rake follows in his footsteps. In 1965 it rained all night before the Jug, stopping just before post time. Smart poked a knife into his patient, found a solid base, directed an emergency grading job, and Bret Hanover went out and set a record for his future son to break.

Delaware is said to be the fastest half-mile track anywhere. It is closer to round than most tracks, which means, as the drivers put it, "Horses don't have to shift gears here." The track is very steeply banked, a feature that helps create records on one side of the chain link fence which borders it, and leaves on the other side an eight-foot grassy bank that is almost a cliff. The bank is part of the unique rural atmosphere of the Jug. All week the people of Delaware could be seen clawing their way up to the fence,

continued

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dragging aluminum chairs that they fastened in place. These were reserved seats, Little Brown Jug style. At many locations, to make trips for beer something less than Alpine cutings, a length of rope would be dangled down the bank to aid the climbers. Where the bank leveled off, the chairs were lined back five deep. On Jug day farmers came with flatbed trucks full of hay bales, which were rented at \$3 apiece to be used as seats right there on the trucks.

"It's all slicker than a few years ago," said one Jug veteran last week, rather wistfully, gesturing toward dozens of camper trucks, some as big as Greyhound buses. Yet at 6 a.m. Jug morning, as in past years, the tail gates of station wagons were drawn, and the aroma of bacon and eggs drifted through the paddocks. The Delaware County Fair, adjoining the track, was unchanged. Jams and jellies were judged, and the screams from children on the Ferris wheel were as they had always been. On Delaware's Sandusky Street the hundred-year-old neoclassic houses were so clean that they could have been built the day before. Schools were closed again on the big day. "Because of the Jug," even the kindergarteners said.

There was a fine traditional-style cocktail party in Delaware's new Holiday Inn when the racing was all over. Waples was there and so was Hayes and Strike Out's other co-owners, Robert and Conrad Shapiro, gown manufacturers from Montreal. They "got into horses," as Bob puts it, in 1960, and nothing bad has come of it. In 1970 they saw Strike Out at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Sale. The horse preceding him, a trotter, had been sold for \$65,000, and Bob now thinks that is why the big buyers overlooked Strike Out, who went for only \$15,000. Anyway, the trotter was never heard from again, which is considerably less than can be said for Strike Out, whose earnings now stand at \$416,825.

These days the Shapiros have a little ritual they conduct at Strike Out's stall. They gaze at him admiringly, and Bob says, "Don't forget, though, he is a little pigeon-toed in front," and then, as if to reassure himself, he adds, "but Northern Dancer was pigeon-toed too."

"That's pretty classy company," someone says.

"I guess it is," he replies, "for Northern Dancer, that is." **END**

EPIG



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YE GODS! WHAT'S UP!

What was meant to be a leisurely afternoon hike in the foothills of Fujiyama turns instead into a devilish night as an American businessman finds himself trapped on the torturous paths of the sacred mountain

by JOHN WILLIAM LEE

If I meant to do was take a walk in the country, far enough from Tokyo to escape the August heat, I had in mind a Japanese Alpine setting on the lower slopes of Fujiyama with footpaths and Swiss-style signposts noting the time required, in minutes, to walk from one hamlet to the next. When comfortably tired I would return to the train station, ride back to Tokyo and celebrate my outing in the revolving cocktail lounge atop The New Otani hotel Or, if things were going well, I might seek out a local inn, spend the night and hike on the next day. I put on a pair of shorts because it was hot, stuffed a folded nylon parka in my pocket because it might rain, picked up my camera and took a cab to the station.

Fujiyama is known locally as "Fuji-san." This bit of lore, however, was not enough to convince the ticket agent that I knew what I was doing. He kept shaking his head, and only when I insisted did he reluctantly hand me a ticket and point across the station toward the departure area.

Railroad stations are no problem in Europe: Roma means Rome, Milano means Milan, and so on. It's not that easy in Japan. I did see a sign in English reading "Upstairs" so I went up, but I had no idea where my train was. I re-

turned to the ticket window and told the agent I didn't know where to go. With astonishing kindness and courtesy, he closed his window and came out to lead me. The station was crowded. I failed to watch him closely, lost him in the crowd and looked in vain at hundreds of unfamiliar Japanese. I recalled what we told the kids to do when they were small: "If you ever get separated from us, don't wander around looking for us. Stay right where you are. We will come back and find you." I stayed. The agent came back and indicated that if I was ready to go, he was.

He took me to a platform, pointed to the left side, pointed to one o'clock on his wristwatch, held up one finger to be sure I understood, nodded his head emphatically and hurried away. When the train came I got on with a confidence that faded when we stopped at the first station. How would I ever know when to get off? I brought up the subject of Fuji-san from time to time with the conductor and, when he was not around, with people seated near me until half the car knew my destination. When the conductor, at least to my ears, announced "Fuji-san," I stood up to leave. But half a dozen passengers told me, "Not

continued



WHAT'S UP:

continued



yet." I sat down and rode on in doubt until at another station the passengers turned to me and chorused "Fuji-san!" I thanked them and got off with a group of young people.

But Fujiyama, it seemed to me as I stepped off the train, was still miles away on the horizon. I turned to get back on, but a young man near me bowed his head and said, "Fuji-san." I pointed at Fuji, made my fingers walk, and stretched out my arms to indicate a long walk. He made his fingers walk and shook his head. Then he made his fingers steer an invisible automobile, held his arms out

and brought them together, a short distance to drive. I loved him.

The group started off, leaving me standing uncertainly on the platform. My adviser turned and motioned me to follow, which I did gratefully. A few minutes later we entered a narrow gate and stood in a tiny yard before a storybook, paper-walled house. We were greeted by a bowing woman about my own age, 50. She invited us inside. We took off our shoes and stepped up onto a spotlessly clean, beautifully polished wood floor. We put our shoes into pigeonhole racks and put on woven scuffs. The scuffs



were all the same size and much too small for my feet. I asked if I could go in my stocking feet and was granted giggling permission. Our hostess, taking me aside, led me upstairs to a large airy corner room from which the huge lavender cone of Fujiyama could be seen. The room was bare of furniture, its floor covered with closely fitted thick straw mats.

My hostess stayed with me for a chat, which was so-cable and lively although she spoke only Japanese and I only English. I thought we discussed my intention to hike around on the lower slopes of Fujiyama, the lack of haze

that made the mountain unusually clear and the fact that I had come all the way from New York while she had never been as far as Tokyo. Then, having put me at ease, she withdrew, leaving me to wonder where I was, why I was there and what I should do.

After a period of uncertainty I went back downstairs to find my translator and reconfirm my plan to get to Fuji. No one was there. The house was empty. I lacked the courage to depart without some sort of leave-taking, so I went back to my room, found a pillow on a shelf and stretched out on the matted floor to think. I dozed off to be awakened by rustling in a corner of the room. A young man and girl were kneeling down, quietly going through the contents of a knapsack on the floor. When I sat up the young man turned, grinned broadly, and said, "Good evening, sir! Do we disturb you?"

"I'm glad you did," I said, delighted that he spoke English. "It's getting late, and I must get moving. I want to walk around a bit on Fuji."

"Not now," he said. "Too soon. Climb tonight!"

"Tonight?"

He nodded. "Start climb at midnight. Leave here at 11."

"To climb the mountain? In the dark?"

"To see sunrise," he explained. "Very beautiful. Be on top for sunrise."

"Oh, I see. Well, I am not going to the top, actually," I said. "I'm just going to walk around on the lower trails. Not climb to the top."

"Yes, yes," he agreed. "Too soon to start now. Eat first. Then rest. Then climb."

I began to realize that his speaking English was not necessarily helping communication. I wouldn't mind eating but I was not going to climb to the top of Fujiyama. It seemed a minor point, however, not worth stressing at the moment.

His name, he told me, was Minoru Kojima. The girl was Yoshiko Ikeda. He was an engineer. He pronounced quite clearly the English words he knew. But he didn't know many. We talked awhile but tended to exhaust each subject quickly and then repeat our comments to be sure there was nothing more to be squeezed out of the topic before going on to another. Yoshiko spoke no English.

Minoru was pleased that I wanted to climb Fuji-san. Every good Japanese, he explained, climbed Fuji once in his lifetime, but only a crazy Japanese climbed it twice. In the face of his mounting enthusiasm for my climb, I refrained from disavowing all intention of setting foot on the top. I merely agreed that only a crazy man would climb Fuji twice.

It seemed that Minoru, Yoshiko and I were roommates; several other people dropped in later. Minoru always introduced me, explaining to each new arrival that I was going to do the Japanese the honor of climbing their sacred mountain. Minoru was fast becoming my friend and I found myself, due to his promotion, in the weird position of a sort of guest of honor who had come halfway round the world to pay my respects to the Japanese people by climbing Fuji. The buildup was becoming sticky, but it had gone too far to do much about it.

As the sun set, we gathered downstairs to eat. Minoru

continued

again introduced me in words that drew a polite round of applause. A pregnant lull followed his introduction and, finding all eyes upon me, I gave in to an absurd impulse, stood up, thanked them for their hospitality and failed utterly to declare that I had not the slightest intention of climbing Fuji-san. I sat down amidst another ripple of applause and the feasting began.

I picked up my chopsticks only to find a young girl at my side offering me a knife and fork. I took them, thanked her, but went on eating with my chopsticks. "Our hostess is honored that you use chopsticks in her house," said Minoru. I looked across at our hostess and received a deep bow of acknowledgment. I began to wonder about accepting all this acclaim when deep in my heart I knew that I was going to fail them. The meal was mysterious and lengthy. Early courses remained while new ones were brought. The table was loaded with hundreds of dishes by the time we finished.

My roommates and I returned to our room for the rest period preceding the assault on Fuji. Feeling an idiot and scoundrel, I lay down on the floor in the dark with the others, feigning sleep and making plans for escape. I would ride with them to the mountain, walk along for a while and then apologize and turn back. I would stop in at the attractive hybrid Japanese-Swiss chalet ski lodge that was sure to be there or grab a cab to the nearest train station. The others would be so engrossed with the climb they would barely notice my absence. The sake that had been served at dinner made it seem a plausible solution.

I awakened to find everyone unpacking knapsacks, unrolling bundles, extracting heavy hiking boots, sweaters, cold-weather underwear, ski pants and other assorted mountain-climbing attire. Yoshiko strapped to her ankles right there next to me and put on parka and pants. Everyone seemed to be dressing to withstand the severest weather and I felt naked by contrast. But, at last, I had what I needed, an excuse for not climbing to the top. Obviously, I did not have the proper clothing. I would go along with them until it became cold, then point out my lack of suitable attire and regretfully turn back.

We rode through the night in a small bus to the Fifth Station. Fuji at one time was divided into 10 stations from bottom to top. Then a road was built taking softer climbers up to the Fifth Station, which is as high as a vehicle can go. From there you proceed on foot or by horse. En route we stopped at a roadside stand to purchase climbing sticks, hexagonal poles that are supposed to be of great help in making the ascent. The latter part of the drive was in low gear because of the mountain switchbacks and heavy auto traffic. I began to realize climbing Fuji was no idle excursion; it was a major business and a mass movement. The traffic jam was equal to a holiday weekend at Jones Beach. We waited in line, squeezed ahead, honked and shouted at other drivers before finally reaching our destination and finding a space to park.

We stepped out of the bus into a chill night and, armed with flashlights, set out briskly, soon leaving the pandemonium of the parking area behind. The trail was level and wide, running under trees at first and then out beneath the open sky. The huge dark mass of the mountain was to our right, blotting out a section of stars. After a 15-

minute level walk, the trail changed abruptly to a narrow steep path that began to zigzag up the mountain. Above us stretched a fantastic string of Christmas-tree lights, switchbacking up into the sky, thousands of flashlights, fading upward in the distance. I innocently wondered if the most distant lights, those barely visible up near the Milky Way, could be on the top of the mountain.

The trail was steep. Within two minutes my breath was gone and my heart pounding. It seemed a little early to drop out of the party. I wasn't cold enough yet. In fact, I was hot from the exertion of climbing. So I went along but knew it would be no time at all before my legs and lungs failed me. The decision of when to quit would be out of my hands. I would just hang in until it happened.

The pace was slow because of the line ahead. It was like trying to get on a crowded escalator. We couldn't go up until those in front of us went up. Still it was too fast and steady for me. I was desperate for air. I remembered Norway and Hillary climbing Everest, taking two and three breathers for each step. I tried it. Surprisingly, it brought relief. Superficial concerns like what to say when I dropped out fled my mind. I concentrated on basics, on cramming air into my lungs, watching my footing, refusing to listen to the terrifying tempo of my heart. Then it occurred to me that it might not be my legs that gave out. My air-flight insurance did not cover this kind of nonsense. I had to quit on behalf of all those pending college educations back home. I came to my senses and looked about for a place to step out of line. I looked and kept looking. The trail was man-made, built on an unfriendly terrain of large, jagged lava rocks and grave-sized cavities. No one strayed idly off this trail. One false step could be fatal. The only steps I could make were in the footprints of the man ahead. And as soon as he left one vacant I had to take it or the man behind me would have no place to step. With mounting concern I realized that I was trapped in a narrow, slow, irresistible stream.

I paused as an experiment. The climber behind me bumped into me as the climber behind him bumped into him and the jam reverberated back down the trail. I looked down the mountain, amazed at the altitude we had gained, the distance we had come. How long would they stand for it if I stopped? I resumed my climb and the endless glow-worm behind stretched out and resumed its lockstep progress up the mountain. Surely there would be a place soon where I could step out of line, let the others pass, and then start down. But until I found it I had not the courage to create a scene by quitting or collapsing.

The trail went on and on, with no rest area. I wondered what if I should pounce, just sit down and refuse to budge. How complicated would it get? And then a miracle occurred. We rounded another turn in the trail and I saw ahead a host of bright lights, not feeble flashlights but strong steady lights on a level plateau no more than five or six switchbacks above us.

By George, I'd made it! The altitude must have affected my mind, mercifully blanking out hours of climbing. Elation welled up. What stuff I was made of! Then my elation sagged. Those remaining switchbacks were the worst yet. The brightness of the lights revealed how inhumanly steep the trail was. It was better in the dark, not knowing.

continued



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I began to wonder at each step if I could make it. The anticipation of reaching the summit was washed away by my increasing conviction that I wasn't going to get there. Finally it happened: I put my right foot up but it refused to lift my weight. I stood in shock, wondering how to alert the others to my predicament. But the crisis was deferred, for simultaneously a jam developed in the line ahead. We all had to wait several minutes. When the time came to move again, the leg had revived enough to lift me.

The seconds absolutely refused to tick off in the agony of those final switchbacks. I looked reverently up at the lights illuminating buildings and crowds of people, hoping I could make one more step. I did not want to drop dead before I reached that sanctuary.

When I got there I was too weak to exult. I searched for a place to collapse, two square feet if possible, but there was no space. The crowd of people wasn't a crowd at all. It was a long, thin, tightly packed line, slowly inching ahead, single file, along the edge of a precipice. There weren't any buildings, just roofs over lean-tos facing the trail, under which vendors displayed unappetizing snacks or offered to burn a Japanese symbol into your climbing stick for a few yen. In confusion I tapped the climber in front of me on the shoulder, expecting it to be Minoru. It was a stranger.

"Pardon me," I said. "I thought you were my friend." He nodded enthusiastically and triumphantly held up six fingers.

Realization dawned. I had forgotten about the stations. This wasn't the top; it was only the Sixth Station. Behind the row of miserable huts, hidden until now by the bright illumination, was the familiar string of Christmas-tree lights fading upward in the darkness.

The crowd nudged me along and helplessly I inched

past the row of huts on what was actually nothing more than another switchback, only this one had been made level to accommodate the Sixth Station. I sensed that Minoru was behind me. I tried to let others go by, but the trail was not wide enough to let someone pass without risking falling over the edge onto those below. I wedged myself between two tiny huts and waited determinedly for the climber behind me to move on. He absolutely, and wisely, refused to try it. Finally, sharing his discretion I continued on.

At the end of the level switchback was the inevitable sharp turn and the beginning of another steep climb. I started up, wondering where my companions were. No one near me was familiar. I didn't want to leave them before I had explained why I was not going to the top. This thought actually worried me awhile before I realized what good luck it was. I didn't have to explain! There was no one to explain to. I could stop whenever I wanted to. Not at this moment, of course, because there was no place to stop. But when I found one my ordeal was over.

I studied every rock we passed for a place to step off the trail, and with this goal greeted each new turn as a golden opportunity. Anticipation alone took me up several more switchbacks. But there was no place to be found. I became crafty. I learned to gain a slight respite by occasionally letting an eager hiker pass me. It was courteous but, more to the point, it was useful. I let several by until a man behind appeared equally courteous. He bowed at my offer but refused to be rude enough to pass me. I wondered how I could trick him into going ahead.

When I had given up hope of ever stopping, I saw a group of stationary climbers off to one side resting. They had found a ledge. Above them a minute later was another cluster of climbers, also resting. Was the terrain becoming more friendly? Were any of those resting ready to begin climbing again? I tried the courtesy routine of bowing and inviting a lucky one to step onto the trail ahead of me so I could take his place. There were no takers. Pressure behind me built up and forced me onward. I passed several groups of resters too tightly packed to accept me. It was like looking for a parking space on Times Square.

"Lee-san! Lee-san!" cried a girlish voice. A tiny figure in a group of resters ahead was waving to me. As I approached, the group contracted and made room for me. It was Yoshiko and the rest of my missing party. They were waiting for me. Feeling trapped, dismayed and delighted I stepped into their midst. Minoru pumped my hand while Yoshiko sliced off a thin layer of lemon and handed it to me with a cracker.

"Light refreshment," explained Minoru. "Just a little is best when climbing."

I accepted the tidbits stoically. What I needed was an oxygen tank. The utter luxury of standing still was overwhelming. A few minutes of bliss passed before I realized that most of the party were anxious to move on. They had waited long enough. I could see their point, but it seemed unfair for me to have to go on again when I had had the least rest in the entire crowd. Now was the time to be firm. I told Minoru I was dropping out.

"They will wait for you to rest," he reassured me.

"No. They should not wait. I'm not climbing anymore."



I hated to tell him, but there was no choice. I repeated it. This was no time for misunderstanding. He looked at me blankly for a moment and then spoke to the others. They were not pleased. They had lost time in waiting for a quitter. I wanted to explain my lack of proper clothing, but abruptly the group divided, most of them stepping out into the climbing line. Minoru and Yoshiko made no move to leave. Afraid they would lose the others if they didn't start, I stepped aside to let them out onto the trail.

"We stay," said Minoru.

"Minoru, please go. You do me no good by staying. I'm going back down."

"Can't go down. Climbers come up."

"I'll wait till morning and then go down."

"Climbers still come up. In daytime, too, climbers come up. Can't go down."

"How does anyone go down if they only come up?" I asked.

"Go other way from top. Faster. Rest, and then climb."

He was giving me no choice. But neither was the weather. As we talked, my overheated body cooled off. As my breathing returned to normal, the wind turned icy. A few minutes later I was numb. I knew I couldn't stand still. I had to warm up. Climbing would do it. With false courage derived from the rest, I said, "O.K. then. Let's go."

I stepped out into the stream of climbers and started up. Minoru and Yoshiko followed. In minutes I was once again out of breath, heart racing, knees weak. But I was getting warm.

Sometime later I heard a commotion ahead that sounded almost like a fight. There were shouts, scrambling in the dark, flashlights waving. Then out of the darkness loomed a packhorse, stumbling down the narrow path. Cautiously the animal put out one hoof at a time, reached down until it found footing, lurched forward as it shifted its weight and then tried the next foot. Angry climbers protested as they saw what was coming at them but found ways of pulling themselves off the trail to avoid being stepped on. When the horse got to me I flattened myself against the uphill slope and was almost rotated against it as the animal pushed by. Immediately behind walked a small man with one hand on the horse's right buttock, so near to the horse that the tide of humanity could not close behind it and squeeze him out. For a wild moment I thought I should turn, put my hand on the horse's left buttock and follow this battering ram down the mountain. I looked at Minoru, who returned my look with such inscrutability that I faltered. The opportunity was gone as climbers closed in behind the animal and heaped vocal disapproval on the cowardly driver.

We went through several more cycles of spotting clusters of lights high above us and clawing our way up to them. I was keeping a rather crude count, not that it mattered much whether my heart gave out at the Seventh or Ninth Station. Still, each that we passed signified progress of a sort. At the third cluster Minoru turned back to me and said, "Congratulations. Seventh Station." Sixth Station plus three was Ninth in English. I held up nine fingers. Minoru took my hand and bent two of them back down. "What about those other stations?" I asked indignantly, pointing down the mountain. "Those not sta-

tions. This is station. Station Seven." He nodded his head in agreement with himself. I looked at my watch. It was only two o'clock. Had this nightmare been going on for just two hours? I could have smashed the watch but hadn't the strength to spare.

The trail became wider and we were sometimes able to walk abreast. It was more sociable than facing someone's behind. I found myself next to Yoshiko. We bowed our heads into the wind and straightened up only when it eased. I had been on my two lungfuls of air per step routine for so long that it was automatic. The air moved through my larynx in a wheezing gasp. Once when the wind stopped abruptly I found Yoshiko looking at me in great alarm. Such was my vanity that I cut off this needed air supply, smiled casually and breathed normally for several seconds. Then the tornado from my throat resumed.

I developed what I thought of as a *Kamikaze* attitude. Some in the crowd around us were going more slowly now. I stepped out briskly to pass them. Minoru and Yoshiko would know that when I quit it would not be from cowardice. It looked good and provided me with some variety instead of always being the slow poke. I passed one small group, and then a few more. My lightheadedness delighted me. Go down laughing, no tears. Finally sobering. I stopped to let my Japanese friends catch up. They didn't come. They were resting below. I had overtaken them. Well, it would do me good to rest. I rested quite awhile. They didn't come. I became uneasy. Could they be ahead? Could they have passed me in the dark without my recognizing them? Was I lost again? Good! Well, no, it wasn't quite that simple. They had waited for me before. They would do it again. I started off again, this time with a sense of urgency to make up for lost time.

Far, far above was another cluster of lights. That is where they would wait. My legs were feeble but I drove them hard, refusing to count the passage of time, blotting out any disappointment at slow progress, refusing to look up until I was there. Finally, I did look up. The lights were no closer.

Were these two strangers really entitled to the luxury of courtesy at such enormous risk to my family? The lights were beyond my limit. How would my limit be announced? Chest pain? Spasms? A mercifully abrupt loss of consciousness, sparing me the worry of what to do as I lay there on the trail? The gruesome fantasy engrossed me for awhile. The mental break did me good. The trail was wide enough at this point to stop, but the slope was so steep that it was an effort just to stand still. Anyway, the wind was too cold to rest. So I went on, cursing my shorts and lightweight parka. The air was full of whirling cinders that blew into my eyes, lodged in my hair, stung my legs. I unfurled the parka hood and put it over my head. It narrowed the sting of cinders to my face and muffled my hearing in an unpleasant way. But it was warmer. I wasn't sure if the climbing stick was a help or a hindrance. I became conscious of loose rocks on the rail. How about a sprained ankle?

There was a faint light in the sky to the east. My watch showed three a.m. It must be wrong. I heard American voices. I was indignant. I thought the mountain was mine alone. I moved faster and caught up to them. I spoke to

continued

them. Not out of camaraderie but out of spite. I wanted to deflate them as they had me. But they were a self-contained group of youngsters, college age as they should be for this sort of jaunt. I was out of my element, old, lost, exhausted, on this damned mountain with its howling wind, the air full of cinders, beer cans and empty cigarette packs on the trail. It was like climbing a dump. My fellow climbers became unpleasant. Racers appeared, show-offs, cutting across the carefully laid-out corners, clanking straight up, sending small avalanches of stones and boulders down on the trail below.

I began to think again about getting down the mountain. It was insane to compound the task by going on. Every step up meant a corresponding one down. Yet I couldn't endure the cold if I stopped, so I went on, grateful for the exertion, impatient to move faster, to warm up. I bent my head into the wind and waited impatiently for the privilege of taking my next upward step.

The faint light on the horizon promised dawn. I noticed occasional large, oddly shaped blobs glued to the slope. It took awhile for me to recognize them as huddled humans, completely sealed to the mountain under plastic sheets. Nothing could look more snug to a bare-legged man than those cocoons, protected from the wind, secure against the hazards of further climbing, past all decisions, resting on their already considerable accomplishment. Given the chance I would have joined them. Not given the chance I felt an absurd superiority: the old man was going higher than these copouts. But every new cocoon drew my lingering attention.

As the light along the eastern rim of the sky grew brighter I could see my footing. Abruptly the flashlights vanished and the pace of the crowd picked up. For the second time that night I began to contemplate reaching the top. People were dropping out. Others must be reaching their limit. I was still on my feet. I might make the top, but it seemed a dubious goal. I had no friends to witness the achievement, no one to celebrate with. If I made it, who would believe it? Perhaps I would ask another climber to take my camera and photograph me.

As daylight increased I could, for the first time, see the fearful landscape around me—huge cinders, piled so precariously they threatened to roll down the slope at one reckless stamp of a foot. I was grateful for the comparative refinement of the trail. It was a fragile web of smoothness, built at enormous effort to permit this ritualistic trek. I saw more and more dropouts glued to every possible ledge. It was no longer a disgrace to stop. Maybe those still climbing had just not been lucky enough to find a place to rest.

My rapid breathing, two in-and-outs for each step, served well for the average step, but after an occasional extra-high step I found myself out of oxygen for several moments. By breathing furiously in advance of these hurdles I was able to keep the suffocation to a minimum.

The cold grew along with the daylight. It would be hours before the sun provided any heat. The increased visibility only reminded me how bare and exposed to the elements I was compared to the other climbers. Now as I turned to look far down the mountainside heavy, motionless clouds extended to the horizon.

My spirits rose. Across the air came a sound completely in tune with this headiness. Some climber with the strength to carry unnecessary weight had turned on his transistor radio. It was playing Al Hirt's *Juno*, a record I remembered listening to on my hi-fi. I could taste the martini that went with it. How soon would I have my next martini? I worked it out in my mind. The sun would be up in half an hour. Then the throng would turn back down the mountain. It should take about half the time to descend that it took to come up. At most, three more hours on my feet. Then a couple of luxurious hours on my fanny returning to Tokyo. Another half hour to shower and dress. That would make it noontime. Not too early for two martinis, maybe three. Then a hearty lunch and to bed for 18 hours. These delicious mathematics built up a wave of utter sensuality.

A tragedy on the trail brought me back to Fuji. Stretched lengthwise on the path was a young man, face up, eyes closed, gasping for air, while a friend knelt nervously at his side. I stepped carefully around him, glad for once that I did not speak the language. Am I tougher than he, I wondered with morbid arrogance. From time to time a climber would step out of the stream and take up a perch on a rock to be sure he had a spot to photograph the sun the moment it appeared. The climbing line thinned as people readied cameras. I took advantage of the dwindling congestion to surge ahead. Surge is too strong a word, perhaps, for I went slowly, but the traffic jam was over.

I arrived at still another level path in front of tiny buildings. There was no railing. The ledge was packed three and four deep with waiting photographers. For a moment I was tempted to pause and become one myself, but pressure from behind kept me moving. There was no space left in which to stop to take a photograph. But at the end of the row of huts I found a spot between buildings. I stepped into it gratefully, as much to escape the frightening traverse as to take up photography. But since I had the chance, why not? I leaned my climbing stick against one hut and with stiff fingers opened my camera case. The wind blew my stick down and whipped at my sleeves as I raised the camera to eye level. Then the wind died for a moment and the aroma of an ancient and overtaken future filled my lungs. So that was why this niche was vacant! I lowered the camera and, gagging, bent to retrieve the stick.

I mistimed the appearance of the sun. It remained frozen out of sight below the horizon for hours, refusing to come up and gratify the thousands of photographers waiting all over the mountain. I saw another vacant level spot. I studied it suspiciously for some latent unpleasantness but saw none. I took it and began adjusting my camera. Through the viewfinder the composition was uninspiring, a flat horizon extending from one edge of the frame to the other. I took a couple of practice shots to be sure the lubricants in the shutter had not congealed. Then I waited and waited and waited. A sliver of sun appeared over the cloud horizon accompanied by the sound of thousands of clicking shutters all over the eastern face of Fujiyama. I stood for some minutes watching the sun emerge from the bed of clouds, taking a few more foolish shots of a scene no more remarkable than any sunrise seen from a 747.

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WHAT'S UP?

continued

No one was climbing now. The whole mountain was motionless, eyes cast. Finally the sun cleared the horizon and people began to stir. I was ecstatic. The ordeal was over. Now for those martinis. But I was wrong. Not one climber started down. They all turned upward and resumed the climb. Were they still going to the top? After the sunrise? Right. Onward and upward.

The sun did not warm me. The wind blew stronger. The oxygen content of the air dwindled. My leg muscles trembled. My big toe was hot with friction. My ankles wobbled. Occasional high steps started my lungs convulsing. My vision tricked me. I noticed frequent brilliantly polished metal tubes on the ground, glowing in the sunlight. After marveling awhile over what they could be, I stooped to pick one up. My vision cleared. The metal tube was a discarded cigarette butt.

The view from the mountain was uncomplicated but gigantic in scale. A sweep upward into the sky and downward into a sea of clouds. The crowd was now as dense as before, all headed upward. This was a one-way trail. Maybe it was a one-way trip? Were we all lemmings, streaming to the top, doomed to destruction by the pressure of those behind, pushed over the edge into the pit of a huge crater that dropped to the center of the earth?

The trail took a sharp turn to the right and a figure in a red jacket reached out a frail hand and rested it gently on my forearm. "Lee-san." It was Yoshiko, her pleasant face wreathed in smiles. "Yoshiko!" I shouted and engulfed her child's body in a one-armed bear hug. I squeezed with heartfelt affection until I realized that next to her stood Minoru. Belatedly wondering about the relationship between them, I released Yoshiko to hold out a hand to Minoru, who smiled politely and shook it. I had begun to suspect that I would make it to the top without any audience. Now I would have witnesses.

An hour and a half later we were able to see the summit. Even Minoru agreed that it was the summit. It was broad and flat with nothing but the sky beyond it. It was a long, long way off, but after what we had been through I knew I would get there if it took forever. My knees were in agony, my ankles unreliable. Every lurch necessary to regain my balance after a stumble was torture. But these were minor discomforts now and did not weaken my determination. The lure of the summit was as strong for me as for any Japanese. I laughed happily as I saw Minoru falter and stagger sideways. We were all exhausted.

Behind us, through lulls in the wind, I heard snatches of song and turned to look. A full swoonback behind us in single file was a group of hooded, white-robed monks, chanting as they climbed. Not only were they wasting their breath singing, they were passing other climbers. At our slow pace they gained on us steadily. When they reached our level we stepped aside. One monk my own age was not singing. He was saving his breath.

The wind had become dangerous. Great gusts would hit the line of climbers and stop it. A sudden blast toppled Yoshiko. Minoru reached for her a second before the same blast hit him. He sagged to his knees and grasped a jagged rock in his hand, holding on till the wind slackened. Yoshiko clung to the ground, eyes shut.

It was no longer I alone who staggered, who gasped for

air, who cowered. In our mutual misery I felt comradeship with the entire stream. A high pitched "Yahoo!" rang out in the air behind us, and a young man in an Australian army uniform sprinted past our creeping line in a contemptible display of stamina.

The last 10 vertical feet consisted of six huge stone steps. Grinding my teeth, using my pole with all my feeble strength, I forced myself up one at a time until, all from exertion, I entered the stony gates at the crest of Fujiyama. No heaven awaited there. Unimpeded wind howled across an immense space spotted with clusters of ant-sized people. There was no focal point, no welcoming ski lodge with fireplace and bar, nothing but brutal, barren landscape. It wasn't even a final statement of achievement, for in the distance were other loftier elevations, rising indifferently to my need for completion. We were at the figurative top, but the purist could find higher elevations if he wished. To the left was a crowded path running between two rows of child-sized stone huts. Beyond this miniature village was the nearest peak, a craggy lip of the volcanic crater. Across the abyss was a cluster of white radar domes. That was it. There were no frills on this moonscape.

We entered the toy village and were jostled in its narrow street. The smell of unappealing food, the yelling of hawkers, the sound of the wind were all the village offered. No indoor comfort was available on the entire mountain. Another victim of the climb was stretched out on his back with blue face and eyes closed. In two minutes we were through the village.

Minoru pointed to the rise beyond. It was gentle with no switchbacks. It did not represent rest, but nothing in sight did. I had the mama, it was within reach, let's climb it. I nodded in agreement. Yoshiko whimpered feebly, her first sound of complaint during the whole journey.

The wind attacked again. I cursed my attire and leaned into the blasts. Huge cables ran across the ground. Were they holding the mountain together? Were they grounding wires for lightning rods? Yoshiko picked up a long finger of icicle and handed it to me for inspection, as if I needed proof. We reached the small summit in a few minutes and found nothing of note. I turned to go back. Minoru pointed to the camera dangling from my neck. How stupid! I unfurled the camera while he undid his. We traded cameras and photographed each other, exchanging a dozen shots, on the brink of the crater. I took one look of horror into the chasm but with my shaky knees, in hurricane winds, felt no further need to study the dark shadow at the bottom.

We went back to the village. It was not inviting but had the deceptive look of offering shelter, in contrast with the barrenness elsewhere. We looked for a place to stop but there was none. Every inch was filled, even the space where the victim had lain. I wondered if Minoru and Yoshiko might be attracted by the food for sale, but they showed no interest. A minute later we were back out in the wind.

It was insane to start down without resting. It was just as insane to stay there and freeze. I looked restlessly at Minoru and he at me. He lifted his shoulders and pointed down. Gratefully I agreed.

END



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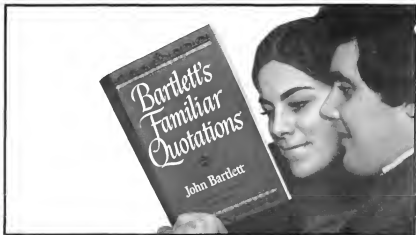
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by BARRY McDERMOTT

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

Pittsburgh kept the bottles corked, the magic number steady and the reserves anxious while losing four of seven, but accomplished the inevitable by clinching the division with a 6-2 victory over the Mets as Steve Blass allowed only seven hits and won his 18th. The Bucs were letting some young hitters have their turn at bat, among them Outfielder Rache Zisk, who in one game knocked in three runs with a double and a single. And an older slugger, Roberto Clemente, was just six hits away from 3,000.

Although they never threatened the Pirates, the Cubs have been a spirited club since Whitey Lockman replaced Leo Durocher as manager. A sweep of a doubleheader with St. Louis gave Chicago six wins in its last seven and put the team 14 games above the .500 mark for the Lockman era.

But Montreal was not overly impressed with Chicago, especially the Expos' manager, Gene Mauch. After Milt Pappas of the Cubs won the 200th game of his major league career, Chicago received a locker-room visit from Mauch and a large group of his Montreal men. The Cubs assumed they wanted to congratulate Pappas. Not so. Mauch was there seeking Cub Outfielder Jose Cardenal who, he said, had called him a bad name. At the door, Mauch blustered: "Nobody is going to call me that and walk away. The next time, I won't wait until the end of the game." Cub Coach Pete Reiser commented: "It's a good thing he didn't walk into the clubhouse. He might not have walked out."

Steve Carlton won his 25th game for Philadelphia, beating Rick Wise and his old St. Louis teammates 2-1. Wise, who was traded for Carlton, has won 15 games—and has a 3-12 record in one-run decisions.

PIT 92-54 CHI 61-65 NY 76-78
STL 76-78 MON 66-79 PHIL 55-61

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

The Reds beat Houston in the Astrodome 4-3 to clinch their divisional title, and broke out their own champagne. "This is the best thing in the world for me," chorled Joe Morgan, one of the Reds who had gone from Houston to Cincinnati in the big winter trade. But Cincinnati still had some unfinished busi-

ness. Morgan had 56 stolen bases and a chance to lead both leagues in that category; Johnny Bench barely trailed San Diego's Nate Colbert in the home run derby 37-38; and feisty Pete Rose was hustling for another 200-hit season.

San Francisco lost six straight and Giant Owner Horace Stoneham continued his personal reducing program. Stoneham lost weight dramatically this season, explaining that he went on a diet because his cook quit. One dyspeptic fan in a letter to Stoneham suggested that he hire the cook as the Giant manager and move Charlie Fox, the incumbent, into the kitchen. Last year's West champs were 27½ games out of first.

Like most teams, the Dodgers were gazing ahead to next year, and Steve Yeager was one of the rainbows on the horizon. The young catcher, up for a trial from the minors, absorbed some hating instruction from Manager Walt Alton and proceeded to hit safely in 15 of 18 games. Atlanta and San Diego were still hunting their rainbows.

CIN 90-36 HOU 81-64 LA 76-57
ATL 68-76 SF 62-84 SD 58-96

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

The race seethed on as Boston and Detroit battered each other at week's end and Baltimore (page 26) saw its chances all but wing away. The Tigers and Red Sox played a beautiful game of seesaw, the Red Sox winning two of three from the Orioles, then losing two of three to the Tigers. Top of the week for the Sox was a doubleheader sweep of Baltimore's best pitchers, Jim Palmer and Mike Cuellar, with Luis Tiant getting his sixth shutout in eight starts in the nightcap. But elsewhere Boston's pitching was about as solid as a hippopotamus in quicksand. Sonny Siebert, testing an injured ankle, went only a third of an inning and gave up three runs as the Tigers mauled the Red Sox Saturday 7-1.

Earlier in the week the Tigers had been behaving as if they were on their way down. They fumed when Cleveland Manager Ken Aspromonte replaced Pitcher Bill Butler in the third inning of a game although he had not given up a run. He had walked five Tigers. The Indians went on to beat Detroit 6-4, and Manager Bill Martin said, "Aspromonte pulled one I'll never forget and I prom-

ise you I will bury him. If he was in the pennant race, it would be all right." If you aren't in the race, you shouldn't play to win? The Yankees died in the West, losing to Cleveland and Milwaukee. Indeed, the also-rans bedeviled the contenders. Both teams had winning records for the week, Cleveland beating the division elite four of six and Milwaukee three of four.

BOS 70-66 DET 50-67 WALT 77-66
NY 76-75 CLE 67-63 MIL 61-66

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

Home-run slugger Reggie Jackson came to bat for Oakland in the ninth inning against Kansas City, flexed his muscles, then slammed out—a bunt. That brought in the winning run, as the A's stretched their division lead over Chicago (3-1 on the week) to five games. Jackson called the infield tap "the biggest bug of my life." It was only his third of 72.

Kansas City rookie Pitcher Steve Busby left 42 passes at the gate for relatives and friends when he was scheduled to start against California. He must have had an inkling that it was to be a spectacular evening. Busby won his game 9-2, but it was at the plate that he caused excitement. He hit a grand-slam homer in the first inning—or so everyone thought until Umpire John Rice explained he had signaled time-out before the pitch to eject a heckling KC player, Jerry May, from the game. Rice also ejected KC Manager Bob Lemon, who observed, "I heard him call time, but I had to get mad at somebody."

Minnesota seemed to be mad at everybody, winning four of five as Rod Carew raised his league-leading average to .324. One of his six hits was his 24th successful bunt single in 35 attempts. "If I bunt at where I want, there is no way to be thrown out," he said.

Also looking for a title was Dave Nelson of Texas. Although he was a sack behind Bert Campaneris of Oakland for the league lead in stolen bases (43-44), Nelson groused that his base-stealing opportunities were getting scarce since his teammates were not taking pitches because they wanted to get the games over quickly. The Rangers lost five games, quickly.

OK 68-56 CHI 62-83 MINN 75-66
KC 71-73 CAL 66-78 TEX 62-83

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 10-25

BASKETBALL—An all-star team from VENI ZULIA defeated the Albuquerque Outlets, the Pacific Coast League Champions, 85-70 in the first Kirkland World Triple A championship at Biscaglia Stadium.

BOXING—MUHAMMAD ALI, whose career record rose to 36-1, scored a seventh-round technical knockout over 37-year-old Floyd Patterson, 35-0, in New York (Sept. 24).

PRO FOOTBALL—AFC Baltimore should have been too tough to beat playing at home after an exciting week loss, but the 41-year-old referee Joe Warshawski showed their celebrated road defense on the most successful day of his career and the NFL WASH. JETS scored to a 44-34 victory. Not much a total of six touchdowns passed and 498 yards passing included three scoring strikes within 3-52 of the second quarter and two more of 79 and 99 yards to Rich Cimini within 2:02 of the fourth quarter. New York's performance partially obscured the courageous efforts of Baltimore's Johnny Ueland, who completed 20 of 43 passes for 376 yards and two touchdowns. He and Nantz combined for 872 yards on NFL record. MIAMI met with the Jets in the East by beating Houston 34-13 on a rainy day in the Orange Bowl. Jack scored two touchdowns and Mercury Morris, Larry Conley and Bob Griese each ran for one. CINCINNATI, the conference's only other unbeaten team after just five weeks of regular-season play, carried a 15-0 decision over rugged Pittsburgh on five field goals by Horst Mottzheim. Cleveland had not won a game of any kind since Dec. 12 when it defeated last year's Denver Broncos 10-6. Head Coach Nick Skorich decided to start Mike Phlips, who had a few questions asked, in place of Quarterback Bill Nelson. Phlips responded by throwing for one touchdown and running for another as the Browns beat the Steelers, beating Philadelphia 27-17. Poor BUFFALO had waited even longer for a regular-season victory—since Nov. 26—and San Francisco had the motivation to be on the war at the wrong time. Bills Running Back Jim Brown scored the winning touchdowns in a 27-20 triumph over two short runs in the fourth quarter, and O. J. Simpson added 126 yards rushing. John Brown, who sprained his left wrist when he was tackled while attempting to pass, was lifted from the game in the second quarter. Ever BAL WASHINGTON, another of the AFC favorites, caught the heat and rallied to beat Dallas 21-16, as Jim Plunkett drained the Patriots to two late scores. CHICAGO defeated Green Bay 20-14, but the Packers could have turned the score around if MacArthur Lutz had not fumbled on the Redskins' two-yard pass in the first period. Oakland linebacker Jack Tatum picked up the loose ball in his own end zone and tossed 104 yards for a touchdown, a sprint

that broke the oldest record in the NFL. Nose after nose George Haden had returned a fumble 98 yards back in 1917.

NFC WASHINGTON edged Minnesota 20-21 on Monday night and won its second game in an 11-day, 24-hour St. Louis on Sunday. Tight End Larry Smith caught a pair of touchdowns from Dan Fouts and Larry Brown ran for 146 yards. OAKLAND, headed for a midseason confrontation with the Redskins, led an impressive lead in the New York Giants 23-14. The Cowboys did not score the electrifying touchdown until the last two minutes. Tomlinson had kicked three field goals previous to that—one of 34 yards. MINNESOTA shocked the team 36-10 on Dave Osborne scored three times and the Vikings pulled off four Greg Kinnear passes. CHICAGO always plays LOS ANGELES well at home and Mike Ponder, who has beaten the Rams in Chicago before, kicked a 45-yard field goal to earn a 13-13 tie this time. In other action SAN DIEGO beat Denver 37-14 (Sept. 21).

GOLF—GRIER BONDS, the first-round leader, broke from five strokes off the pace in the 1000-round Robinson JIF-1 Ball Classic to force a sudden death playoff with Dave Marral at 233 after 52 holes. Jones, 25, then won his third tournament of the year with a par on the second extra hole.

HARNESS RACING—STRIKE OUT (\$4-60), driven by Kevin W. Miller, took its victory in straight heats in the \$300,910 Lyle Brown Ag at the Delaware (Delaware County Fairgrounds) (Sept. 26).

Earlier in the week the sport's best pacer, ALBATROSS, driven by Stanley Chang, set a world mark of 1:55 1/5 over Delmarva's half-mile track in a 52,000 non-betting race. Albatross holds the world mark for a race over a furlong mile (1:54).

HOCKEY—Phil Esposito's tumble during game five of the Stanley Cup playoffs led to a collapse in game six of the series with KIDDER, which scored five times in the last 17 minutes for a 4-1 victory. On Sunday, TEAM CANADA scored three goals within a minute and a half, winning 2-2 (Sept. 25).

HORSE RACING—Woburn LA PREZYDANTE (\$2-80), with John LeBlanc aboard, drew only three rivals in the J.H. McNeil Memorial Stakes and did so in better luck and seemed to a 7 1/2-length victory over Up Above.

In a June meeting of Kentucky Derby winner, CANNONERIE (\$1-10), ridden by Gustavo Arellano, made good use of a 15-second speed advantage to beat Goodwood (Iron Horse) by five lengths in the \$20,000 Santa Handicap at Belmont Park. CannonerIE set a track record and equaled the American mile of

1:40 1/5 for a mile and an eighth.

ROTON SPORTS—Scotland's JACKIE STEWART drove his Tyrrell-Ford to a record speed of 114.282 in winning the Canadian Grand Prix in Brainerdville, Ont. It was Stewart's third Formula 1 victory of the year. Peter Revson's McLaren was second.

TENNIS—Roscoe Tanner, 21, a first-year professional with a huge left-handed serve, powered through matches with Fendley Gorman, the Novak, Marshall Ottens and Tom Okker to reach the final of the Pacific Southwest Open in Los Angeles. Then he ran into JIM SMITH and went down in straight sets 6-4, 6-4.

MARGARET SMITH COURT upset Billie Jean King 6-4, 6-1 to win the \$75,000 Golden Gate-Pacifi-Cent, Cypress, and event presented by Mrs. King's husband, Larry.

TRACK & FIELD—EMIL PUTTMANN of Belgium set a pair of world records in Brussels while winning the 5,000-meter run in an unseasonable heat. His time of 13:15 shaved 3.4 seconds off the mark set six days ago by Ireland's Olympic gold medalist, Lasse Viren. In heat, Puttmann was timed at 12:47.6 for three miles, 3.4 seconds faster than Australia's Ron Clarke set the distance in 1966. In another mark in Constantia, Puttmann, an AUSTRIAN JIM HUBBARD, ran the 1000-meter 2:57.10, beating the women's mark set by Rosa Melero of the U.S.S.R. by 27 centes.

BASEBALLS—AWARDED: To the Milwaukee Bucks, JILLUS LERVING, a Virginia Square in the NBA's first year who signed a four-year, \$1.8-million contract, the team, Detroit, the Detroit that Milwaukee had signed from in the April draft, by the league system. The Hawks had other ideas, but when they played Lerving in two pre-season games last week, NBA President Walter Kennedy bought them \$15,000.

RETIRED—Kentucky Colonel Guard DARRYL CARRIER, who has been a member, 35, the first that an AIA team has so honored a player. The league's first career three-point shooter (1.77) and one of its top five free-throw shooters (1.99), Carrier averaged 28.8 points a game in five years. He was selected to the All-Star team three times and once scored 35 points in a game against Minnesota in 1968.

DIED—ROSLINE W. BROOKS JR., 70, fishing editor of Outdoor Life magazine and holder of the world angling record at the time of his death, of a heart ailment, in Rochester, Miss.

CREDITS

20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FACES IN THE CROWD



WALTER P. HELLMAN, 54, of Gary, Ind., the world chess champion since 1948, retained his U.S. Open title in Memphis by defeating Everett Fuller of Springfield, Mo., the 1968 winner, in a five-hour game. His record here is 10-3-21 in a field of 24 grand masters.

BRETT SWAB, 8, and **PAUL PORTER**, 8, with help from Brett's twin brother, **GREGG**, led their Oilers team to the Tulsa Class C baseball championship. Brett and Paul each pitched seven no-hitters and batted .533 and .489, respectively. Gregg, regularly the third baseman, topped his brother in hitting (.534) and threw a no-hitter in his only mound appearance. In all, the trio accounted for 48 home runs, 40 of which were hit by the Swab brothers. The Oilers outscored their opponents 289 runs to 45 and finished the season 22-10.



SCOTT MCGREGOR, a graduate of El Segundo (Calif.), High School, was 17-2 his senior year, pitching four shutouts, back-to-back no-hitters and at one point going 64 innings without allowing an earned run. He was 51-6 in four years with nearly 500 strikeouts.



FAITH MYKOFF, her husband **JIM** and their 12-year-old son **OWEN**, of Hamilton, Mass., held their own in one within 10 days at the Myopia Hunt Club. Jim and David each the 177-yard 16th three days apart, a week later Faith held out at the 133-and ninth.

BILLY TOTTEN, of Palatka, Fla., made up a seven-stroke deficit with a final-round 63 to win the 10-11-year-old flight at the annual International Pee Wee golf championships in Orlando. Billy, a 12-handicapper, regularly has by day a prior college golf coach.

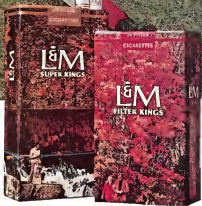
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OLYMPICS IN REVIEW

Sirs:

I have thoroughly enjoyed your written and pictorial coverage of the Olympic Games. However, I was shocked at the suggestion in *SCORECARD* ("Terror in Munich," Sept. 18) that abolition of future Olympic Games might be necessary to eliminate the possibility of any further catastrophes like the murder of the Israeli athletes.

If this type of thinking is the solution to the problem, then we should abolish all organized athletics throughout the world. And then what happens to the millions of people who benefit from athletics?

We all sorrow over the unfortunate events instigated by people who are undoubtedly sick. But is athletics the cause?

RALPH E. JONES

Track Coach

University of Wisconsin-La Crosse
La Crosse, Wis.

Sirs:

I must strongly disagree with the idea that the Olympics should be abolished. The Olympics are the only occasion for the athletes of the world to get together to prove who is the best. Let's not have the Games stopped because of eight crazy men. Of course, I was shocked and appalled by the tragic events that took place in Munich, but what was overshadowed is the fact that the spirit of friendship still exists among the majority of participants at the Olympics. It is just that the men who do not have that spirit override the ones who do. The media give the public only the bad news and hardly ever the good news.

FREDRICK SIMMONS

Rock Hill, S.C.

Sirs:

Due to the outstandingly comprehensive Olympic coverage by the American Broadcasting Company, we television viewers have been well educated as to what the Olympics are really all about. But while we have been exposed to many fine athletic pursuits previously unfamiliar to the casual sports fan, we have also glimpsed the darker side of a supposedly amateur sporting spectacle. After the Israeli team tragedy, the horrendous judging of the boxing, gymnastics and diving competitions, the great pole-vault controversy and the dual outcome of the championship basketball game, I for one was left wondering if perhaps the United Nations headquarters might not have been a more suitable location for the contests. It often appeared that the athletes themselves were merely pawns in the more important game of international politics.

Obviously, the events that depend upon

the opinion of judges are those most open to the insidious objective of demonstrating the supremacy of one political system over another. The only solution is to have judges selected solely on the basis of competence and with the expressed goal of total repudiation of any type of political quota system.

The playing of the national anthems of the medal winners is yet another call to nationalistic irrationality. Although I must admit that seeing an American athlete standing on the victory platform and hearing *The Star-Spangled Banner* fill the stadium is a beautiful thing, it is clear that the practice serves only to intensify the political taint of the Games. The ceremony should be discontinued.

The stated purpose of the Olympic Games is to provide a setting that allows the world's finest athletes to compete fairly against each other in an atmosphere of friendship. I cannot see where the present organization of the Olympics promotes or even provides for the achievement of this ideal. For years we have been led to believe that perhaps the Olympic Games were the only place where men and women of all nations could compete in good will and good faith. Now the cold light of truth has shone through to the disillusionment of us all. As they now stand, the Olympic Games are a classic example of an institution that does not work. Without change, they are not worth keeping.

BILL BESCHOFF

Monte Sereno, Calif.

PRO PICKS

Sirs:

My sincere congratulations to the authors of your fine pro football preview (Sept. 18). Although I disagree with many of your predictions, especially your selection of Baltimore over Miami, they were obviously made with an open mind. Also, SI should be congratulated for featuring Walt Garrison on the cover instead of one of the more publicized Dallas Cowboys.

THOMAS ROGAN

Little Ferry, N.J.

Sirs:

As usual, Tex Maule has astounded rational observers with his predictions. Baltimore's defense with Bubba Smith was exceptional. Without him, it is no better than half a dozen others. So how will a 39-year-old quarterback (even Johnny U.) take the Colts over the improved Dolphins?

The most amazing guess has to be Detroit over Minnesota. Does Tex really expect people to believe that the Lions, without Charlie Sanders, can best all those Pur-

ple Bruisers, especially with Fran Tarkenton there to give defensive lines headaches? Come off it, Tex.

DOUGLAS MILLER

Milwaukee

THE BOOMER

Sirs:

My heartiest congratulations to Morton Sharmik for his article on Bob Brown (*Strong Armades and a Short Fuse*, Sept. 18). I am delighted to see this perennial All-Pro get the attention he so richly deserves. How could the Rams trade away The Denon and The Boomer?

DAVID GILLERMAN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

It is about time the hidden heroes of the gridiron got some publicity for their hard work and guts. The offensive line is the most physical place on the field. Here is where the play either works or fails. If it weren't for good linemen, great quarterbacks like Namath, Unitas and Gabriel, to name a few, would get nowhere.

MARK FORST

Woodbury, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thank you for an exceptional article on an exceptional man. Bob Brown's uncompromising words and actions reflect a total human being exploiting his full potential in an otherwise glamorous mechanical position—offensive tackle.

DAN REIDA

Ashburnham, Mass.

HUDDLEBEE

Sirs:

Well, you've really done it (*See No Evil, Hear No Evil*... No! Sept. 4)! You have wasted six pages of your excellent magazine giving publicity to three of the most disgusting men on Boston radio: Jim McCarthy, Eddie Andelman and Mark Wilkin. I was a constant listener when *Sports Huddle* was on WBZ and, in my estimation, more of the calls were from people asking why the Huddlebees could not take an objective viewpoint on any one sport like other Boston sportscasters, than from people asking questions about sports events. Take that, Jim, Ed and Mark!

SCOTT SAFTLER

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

At first they were amusing, but now they get their kicks from being insulting and obnoxious. Many of us remember the good years Yaz gave us and the enjoyment the

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19TH HOLE *column*

New York Giants gave us when New England didn't have a football team. Plenty of us still root for the Giants, who gave the Patriots a good pasting Aug. 27, even if it was only an exhibition game. So I say, come on, Bruin, Red Sox and Giant fans, let's get *Sports Huddle* off the air.

DIABULLE WELCH

Lakeville, Mass.

Sirs:

Well done, St. I'm glad to see these talented Huddlers given due credit. I have learned to appreciate and respect their viewpoint on sports, but more importantly I have learned to use their comic approach to help keep sport in its proper perspective. I can now watch a football game and know that at its conclusion my furniture will still be intact. My mother thanks you, Eddie, Jim and Mark.

BRYAN GOLD

Long Beach, N.Y.

Sirs:

I thank Herman Weiskopf for his fine article about the latest exploits of the Sports Huddlers. In a city where it seems that most sportscasters (with the notable exceptions of John Kennelly and Charlie Eckman) are devoid of all opinions, Sunday night on WBZ was a time to hear sports broadcast the way they should be, without the morbid seriousness that marks most other sports reports. The *Huddle* changed my outlook and assured me in forming my own opinions on sports issues. Unfortunately, the program is not heard here in Baltimore anymore, but perhaps it will serve as an example to change the style of sports reporting in America. When this change comes, it can only be for the better.

BARRY GREENBERG

Baltimore

Sirs:

Thank goodness for *Sports Huddle*, the only enlightened sports aside in this town. As for Bruin President Weston Adams' comment about the show's appeal, he should check into the "lunatic fringe" appeal of his own street fighters and so-called sportsmen.

BOB FAZIO

Boston

Sirs:

Bravo on a great story about the finest representatives we of the lunatic fringe have ever known.

JOSHUA K. GARRY

Kansas City, Mo.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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